JOHN BULL

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The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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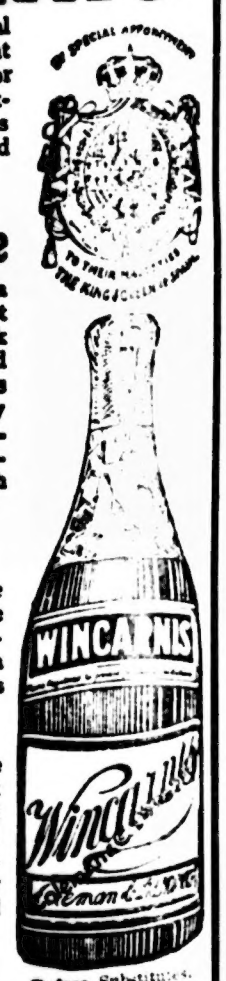

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JOHN BULL.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The whole question of Imperial relations with the Colonies must soon come up for serious consideration. The recent proceedings in Parliament on the South African Union Bill were nothing but a farce. The Government had intimated in advance that no amendments of any kind could be entertained. We had to take the Bill just as it had been agreed upon in Africa—or leave it. The arguments in favour of this course were a pure sophistry. We had given self-government, and therefore, we were told, we must leave the Colonies to work out their own destinies. As was fit and proper, this special pleading was beautifully crystallised by Mr. J. A. Simon, K.C.—who, inspired by the example of young Hemmerde's rapid progress, is gradually elbowing "Rufus" and Buckmaster out of the Parliamentary running. "If you give liberty—give it utterly," said our honourable and learned friend. What he really meant was, "If you give liberty—give it only to the dominant race."

In reference to the case of the little nurse-girl, recently sentenced to five years' detention in a reformatory for stealing £3 10s. from her employer, and who was forcibly removed from the dock calling "Don't let them take me, Daddy," we have placed the facts before the Home Secretary, who has promised to give them his special consideration.

Next week we shall announce all particulars in relation to the formal inauguration of the John Bull League. It is going to be a big thing.

Mr. Bottomley's articles on the "Suicide of a Great Government" will conclude next week—and they will then be reprinted in pamphlet form.

A great demonstration in favour of the land portions of the Budget, as finally approved by the House of Commons, will be held in the Hackney Baths—which are capable of accommodating several thousand people—early in October.

Dhingra is hanged. Reprieve would have been misinterpreted in India as weakness. The fanatical young gentlemen of India House will now be kind enough to understand that, though we are a hospitable people, we draw the line at political assassination.

The latest returns show that matches, hatches, and dispatches are almost the lowest on record. It need not be said that the continued decline in marriages and births is a source of anxiety. We have visions of a lonely feminine being one day the sole population of this great country, with nobody to comfort her except forty million cats.

The members of the English Church Union are apparently indignant at the proposal of the Lower House of Convocation to remove from the Prayer-book the rubric ordering the use of the *Quicunque Vult*. They are most anxious that the "warning clauses" should be retained, and hysterically state that "the Union would be false to its most cherished convictions and its most venerated traditions, if it conceded for one moment the possibility of any tampering with the Catholic creeds." A correspondent sends us the following rhyme on the subject, written nearly forty years ago, when even at that time the wrangling over the Damnatory Clauses was a hardy annual:—

Expunge the damning clause indeed,
To save these wranglings annual.
No! keep the curses in the Creed,
That even he who runs may read
The Devil's own sign manual.

Cricketers will be interested to hear of a remarkable feat performed by a batsman, Mr. Fred Wesley, of Winslow, in a Buckinghamshire match between Winslow Oddfellows and Nash Oddfellows. The batsman hit a ball. In its subsequent course it cannoned off the nose of a man who was asleep without waking him, and then travelled to the boundary. We wonder how that man's wife awakens him of a morning. Does she use a coal hammer?

Mr. Justice Dodd has sentenced a Dublin man to three years' penal servitude for stealing an overcoat. Anybody who would steal an overcoat with the thermometer at eighty degrees in the shade deserves to get it hot.

It is by "special command" of the Kaiser that Mr. Winston Churchill has been invited to attend the autumn manœuvres of the German army. The vivacity and audacity of the young Minister have always attracted the Kaiser to him. Add to this that Mr. Churchill commenced life as a soldier and has been in perilous places and tight corners on the tented field, and the Kaiser's liking for him is explained. And, of course, the President of the Board of Trade is glad to be the Emperor's guest. Life is full of changes. One of these fine days he may be Minister of War.

Latest intelligence: M. Blériot has been elected an honorary member of the Motor Club. That is almost unkind.

Legislation by exhaustion is no joke. A West End doctor has been painting a horrible picture of the physical conditions of the House of Commons. But we remember that medical men do exaggerate sometimes. For instance, we have known moments ourselves when the temperature of the House was below "75 degrees," when "dark mists from the Thames" were not visibly mixing themselves with "heavy germ-laden air" at the level of the nostrils. To be an M.P. nowadays, says the doctor, means "neurasthenia, and complaints of all kinds, including gout, diabetes and dyspepsia, insomnia, chronic somnambulism and even insanity." As regards the insanity, we are inclined to believe him—whilst, undoubtedly, a lot of "chronic somnambulism" may be witnessed at Westminster just now. That is a very good name for it. When next we feel angry with a fellow member we shall call him a chronic somnambulist. It is a fine and much needed new Parliamentary phrase.

The public, we think, has a right to more explicit information than the Medical Officer of Health for Southwark has vouchsafed. Having said so much, he ought to say more. What he has said, among other curious things is this: that "many of the immoral houses (in his district) belong to charitable institutions"; and that "the death rate in this area, especially from phthisis, is very high." We confess to a natural curiosity as to the names of those "charitable institutions." It is quite right that charity should cover a multitude of sins; but we suggest that the line might be drawn at brothels—especially when they are hotbeds of consumption. After all, several decent people, we imagine, are compelled by circumstances to live in Southwark; and they have the right to be protected from philanthropy of this kind.

Good old *Lancet!* Our contemporary must be hard put to it to invent a silly season topic of the medical order in the holiday months when most of us (who are not M.P.'s) are feeling very well indeed. Hotel drains are now generally good; and those foolish people who drink water at table are able, as a rule, to get it clean. There is a distinct paucity of scare topics for the medical papers in midsummer, after they have given the usual warnings against mixed and other bathing and over-exertion by men who lead sedentary lives for fifty weeks of the year. But the *Lancet's* ingenuity is enormous. It has found the very thing. There is danger in the sand heaps in the park! It used to be on the seats.

The Oldham Corporation deserve the thanks of all ratepayers for making it quite clear that none of its superior Servants can be allowed to imagine that the municipal employees are his personal slaves, and that he has a right to object to their belonging to a trade union. For some reason or other, on a vague suggestion of laziness, two years ago, a workman of the Corporation was suddenly paid off. It happened that he was an active trade unionist, who used to collect his fellow workmen's subscriptions. Unknown to the surveyor, he got a job in another department of the Borough work, and for eighteen months apparently gave perfect satisfaction. Then the surveyor discovered him and again discharged him—for no clear reason. The opinion of the ratepayers' representatives having been now clearly expressed, we trust that there will be an end of the friction between the workmen and their vicarious bosses.

Here is an advertisement from the *Telegraph*: "Circular addressers wanted, to fill up time with book-keeping. 2s. 1,000." In the *Telegraph*, too, advertisements appear daily for experienced book-keepers and shorthand typists at 10s. a week. It is all very cruel and pitiful.

Here is an interesting experience of one of our readers. Taking a walk the other Sunday and being overcome by thirst, he entered the nearest public-house for the purpose of obtaining a small "Lloyd George." It being in closed hours, he was, to use his own phrase, "obliged to make use of a substitute for the truth" as to his actual address. He was, however, pounced upon by two policemen, who, noticing his clean boots, were suspicious of his *bona-fides*, and was then marched through a crowd to the local station where he was detained for some hours pending the verification of his right address. The following morning he was fined by Mr. Lane, the Metropolitan magistrate, 20s. or seven days, but whilst waiting for his case to come on, one person for being drunk and disorderly, and using filthy language, was fined 1s. 6d., and another 7s. 6d.—both being old offenders. Needless to say, our correspondent hasn't any more respect for the administration of the law than he has for the law itself.

The Supreme Court of Servia has acquitted a paper which charged George Karageorgevitch with murdering his servant. The judgment states that "since the King had not bestowed sufficient care on the education of the future ruler of Servia, although he was bound to do so as a father, it had become the duty of his subjects to remind him. A king or heir, whose behaviour causes hatred among his people and who is not loved by his subjects, can only do harm to the country. The accused paper had only criticised existing conditions, and there is no justification for forbidding its circulation." Hear! Hear!

There are at present in London four of the leading members of the British Indian community of Natal and the Transvaal, who have come over as a delegation to voice the civil grievances of their race. We have been privileged to act as their spokesman so far as the Colonial Office is concerned, and we are not without hope that the result of the mission will be the mitigation of some of their grievances. By the way, we were greatly impressed with the tact and courtliness of Colonel Seely in dealing with his Mohamedan visitors. That he displayed an intimate knowledge of all local conditions goes without saying. We have already predicted that he will go far in ministerial progress. With a few more men like him on the Treasury Bench the position of the Government would be stronger.

Listen to the tale of prohibition in the happy State of Maine. "In this village," says Mr. Russell Crauford, "no liquor is sold openly, but all who want it—and most of the inhabitants do—manage to obtain rum (a general term for all alcoholic liquids in this neighbourhood) of a wretchedly inferior quality. Sly drinking goes on. Sometimes when I make a call, my friend, after a chat, will look round furtively and whisper: 'Will you have a little drop?' as if he were afraid of being overheard. On my answering in the affirmative, he goes away, and from some secret hiding-place produces a bottle; then we drink together as if we were performing some highly mysterious and solemn religious rite. What utter humbug and tomfoolery all this is!" In Portland (Maine) alone, Mr. Crauford says, there are thirty secret bars. In New Zealand—which he knows also at first-hand—he says repression equally fails of its purpose.

Mr. Staines Manders had some little difficulty in finding a lady auctioneer to appear at the Women of All Nations Exhibition, to be held at Olympia in September. We can quite understand it, for the chief requirements in an auctioneer are the gift of the gab and the knack of lying nicely with a guileless expression. And women are unfitted by nature for such a job.

A few days ago a lad found a purse in the street at Hastings, and took it to his mother. The woman found that the purse contained five pounds and some silver. She spent some of the money in buying her children boots. The boy who was with her son subsequently informed the police, and on the son being prosecuted for stealing by finding, and the mother with aiding and abetting, the lad was ordered to receive six strokes with the birch rod. The mother was let off because she was in delicate health. To our mind, the magistrates handled the whip of justice rather carelessly. The boy took the purse to his mother not because he was a bad boy, but because he was a good one. What otherwise could he have been fairly expected to do?

We wonder how some people would fare if the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals brought them into the police-courts in respect of the noble sport of stag-hunting? We have before us as we write two illustrations from the *Mirror*, headed, "Hunted Stag Escapes up a Steep Cliff after being Two Hours in the Sea." The story is told beneath. "At the second meeting of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, held at Hawcombe Head," it says, "the stag, after being two hours in the sea, escaped up a steep cliff, and in the small picture it is seen climbing to safety. The large picture shows the pack going out to be laid on the scent." Accompanying the pack we note a number of gentle ladies. The sufferings of the stag in this particular hunt is for imagination, not for description. What may be said without question is that the men and women who took part in the chase committed gross cruelty in the name of sport. How long is it to be permitted?

Apropos our article last week in reference to the Vicar of Camberwell and the Curate, we have had an opportunity of going fully into the matter with a very old friend of the Vicar, and although we in no way excuse the conduct of the reverend gentleman in inducing a poor curate to sell out sound securities and embark his whole savings in a speculative enterprise, we are satisfied that the Vicar had no personal interest in the advice he gave.

The Companies Winding-up Act, 1890, strikes us as a rather expensive institution. Last year the Winding-up Department wound up £24,572 worth of income, and it spent £24,767 to do it. We suggest that Parliament now proceed to wind-up the Winding-up Department.

Why do some people, who are habitually addressed by the courtesy title of Esquire, write plain Mr. on an envelope directed to themselves? We can understand the grocer or candlestick-maker resorting to this form of humility, because they know the Esquire is only given them in flattery, usually at election time. But the ordinary gentleman is so generally the recipient of this nomenclature that he would naturally scent rudeness in the omission thereof. Indeed, letters with Mr. would probably be opened by his wife under the impression that an s had been omitted or slurred. Of course, by strict etiquette, Esquire belongs only to sons of baronets and certain other favoured persons, but in practice it has become as much a courtesy title for all gentlemen as the complimentary lordship of a duke's son. Lord Boosy Snodgrass would not write himself down as plain Mr. Snodgrass if he sent you an envelope.

Jim Crow, returning from the ballet recently, was asked how he had fared. "Splendidly," he replied with beaming eyes; "I had the best seats in the house—first row of the stalls." "Oh!" said Mrs. Crow unsuspiciously, "I thought those were not usually coveted." "Ah! my dear," Jim returned, rubbing his hands, "you forget *the worm's-eye view!*"

The recent "Anti-Alcohol Congress" gave expression to all the good old moth-eaten, teetotal platitudes in divers tones. We hold no brief for the hard drinker, but we cannot shut our eyes to obvious facts; and we would remind our "prohibition" friends that the most brilliant periods of British history were hard-drinking days. The Spanish Armada was not repulsed by "ginger-beer sailors"; Napoleon was not defeated by "lemonade troops"; nor was the Indian Mutiny suppressed by regiments of Rechabites. Our Colonies, whose progress remains the wonder and envy of nations, were settled by hardy, but hard-drinking, pioneers, whose descendants to-day work and drink as hard as, if not harder than, any people under the sun. The most progressive and prosperous people, with the striking exception of the Japanese, are, and always have been, a drinking people. The national decadence which so many Jeremiads are screaming about to-day, synchronises, strange to say, with the growth of the teetotal habit amongst the people. Happily, the day of the "three-bottle man" is dead; but when one muses upon the splendid achievements of those times, in the arts of peace as well as war, well—it gives one furiously to think.

A correspondent informs us that the Rev. W. J. Gomersall, "F.R.S.L.," of Stanley House, Stanley Gardens, Hampstead, is sending out "wholesale," circulars inviting membership of his "Eligible and Social Correspondence Circle." This matrimonial agency is really being run by the rev. gentleman's wife, a shrewd, clever woman who knows her way about. The fee is 10s. 6d. for six months' correspondence, and anybody who wants a husband or a wife and succeeds in getting one to suit in that time, can hardly call the goods dear at the money. We are not aware of the proportion of ten-and-sixpences received by Mrs. Gomersall to the number of matches she is enabled to arrange for her clients, but probably it will not be unfair to say that a great many more people cash up than settle down. Mrs. Gomersall also runs a social circle apart from the correspondence part of the business, members of the social circle being young men and maids, widowers and widows, who search for each other through the process of love, courtship and marriage by means of *conversaziones* and other light-hearted and light-headed entertainments. So far as our inquiries lead us, the concern gives value for money, and is not to be confounded with the many bogus matrimonial agencies whose one and only object upon this earth is to fleece the foolish. Even a parson and a parson's wife cannot be expected to work for nothing, and the fact that they are sending out these circulars at the moment rather inclines us to the belief that the Rev. W. J. Gomersall and Mrs. Gomersall find trade awfully dull.

In his parish magazine, the pastor of the Richmond Hill Congregational Church says that a determined effort will be made to obtain Sunday trams for Bournemouth. He is quite right; we are helping that determined effort along for reasons often explained. "Apart from the religious aspect," says the rev. gentleman, "I am prepared to maintain that the Quiet Sunday is one of Bournemouth's biggest commercial assets." That is a proposition in dispute. The truth is, we believe, there are only two classes of people who do not want Sunday trams. Both are a small minority of the resident population and visitors. The one is represented by people of wealth who have ample means of enjoyment, and the leisure for it during six days of the week; the other is represented by the Unco' Guid. To the majority of Bournemouth, including the poorer residents and visitors, the absence of Sunday trams severely restricts their opportunities of enjoying innocent recreation and pleasure.

It will interest the rev. gentleman and other Puritans to know that they have a "Lord's Day" Act in Manitoba. Recently a cyclone visited the Golden Valley, and what was once a smiling scene, filled with homesteads of prosperous settlers, became in a night a picture of desolation and ruin which beggars description. When the wreck was complete people poured into Lloydminster to secure lumber to build a shelter, "but were unable to get what they wanted on account of the rigid enforcement of the Lord's Day Act by the mounted police, who forbade anybody to hitch up a team on Sunday." Evidently the ideal place for British Puritans is Manitoba. We wish to goodness they would go there.

We wish we could drill it into the heads of some policemen that it is not so much their duty to get convictions as to prevent offences being committed. Every policeman knows how difficult it is for a publican to have his eyes in a dozen places at once. From no tradesman is there exacted a higher guarantee of personal character. No other tradesman is under so many restrictions in carrying on his business. No other tradesman is so incessantly watched and suspected and brought to legal account for the slightest technical lapse. In a case heard at the Bristol Police Court a few days ago, a police officer gave evidence that he saw a drunken man enter the premises of a Horsefair publican. The police officer subsequently observed someone serve the man, and, having waited till an inspector came up, he and his superior went into the place together, the result of the visit being a summons against the publican. It was proved that the licensee, a woman, was out at the time, that her husband was at the back part of the premises when the man entered, and, therefore, did not notice his condition. Apart from this, the police officer should not have waited until the drunken man had been supplied with drink. He should have warned the person in charge of the premises as soon as he saw the drunken man enter the house. This instruction was set forth in a circular letter addressed to Chief Constables some time ago by the Home Secretary. A police officer who does not warn a publican in the terms of this instruction neglects his duty; a Chief Constable who does not censure him in such circumstances is practically aiding and abetting him.

Many people in London do not appear to know that if they take friends for a ride in their business vans on a Bank Holiday, or any other day, the County Council, having nothing better, at the moment, to do, will summon them for keeping carriages without a licence. Also the Clerk to the Council will prosecute them with the utmost rigour of the law. In the days when the Inland Revenue and Excise man was on the look-out, this was one of the things on which he turned his blind eye. It is really hard, sometimes, for Londoners to thank heaven that they have a County Council.

The humanity of the Southport justices in the case of a poor woman charged with stealing some forks and spoons from a restaurant where she was in casual employment is good to notice. We have not the slightest doubt in the world that it served the ends of justice more adequately than the sort of sentence favoured of the terrorist Stipendiary of Cardiff. The defendant in the case was a widow whom Detective Lawrence, with a fairness it is a pleasure to record, described as a respectable woman—a widow with two children, and only seven shillings a week coming in, three shillings of which had to go in rent. Instead of sentencing the poor wretch to six weeks' hard labour, as the Stipendiary of Cardiff would probably have done, the magistrates discharged her with a caution, and on the suggestion of one of their number, Dr. Arthur Wood, they gave her a contribution from the poor-box. So here's to the Southport magistrates. God bless 'em.

Mr. Joe Pointer, M.P., the (comparatively) new member for one of the divisions of Sheffield, has the hazardous courage which most new members of Parliament possess in the first flush of pride and honour in representing a popular constituency. Naturally, all sorts of information on all sorts of local grievances immediately flow towards a new M.P. Not having time to sift them thoroughly, he lets out his indignant blood in the form of a question. In the case of Mr. Pointer, the question was whether the President of the Local Government Board (Poor John, what horrible dreams about these labour men he must have!) had any information "showing that in the Sheffield Union workhouse at Fir Vale, in consequence of the inmates eating food intended for pigs, the swill tubs are now kept locked to prevent a repetition of the occurrence"? Of course, John hadn't any official, or other, information of the kind. The allegation, based on the lies conveyed to Mr. Pointer as gospel truth, was what Huxley, in discussing miracles, used to describe as antecedently incredible. Since he made it, he has paid a surprise visit to the workhouse, thoroughly inspected the place for four hours, and, like a fair-minded gentleman, is now waiting for an opportunity to tell friend John in full House that he has been deceived. We M.P.'s have all had to take these bites of the bitter apple. From morn to night the apple is offered to us. But experience teaches us not to bite.

By the way, that wasn't a bad joke which Mr. Remnant made during one of the recent all-night sittings. The President of the Board of Trade popped in and out, and finally took his seat awhile by the side of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was attired in a grey suit over a soft pink shirt, and a soft double collar. At five o'clock in the morning, the rumour got about that Mr. Churchill slept peacefully between the divisions, while others watched and worked. After saying a good word for the unconquerable cheerfulness of Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Remnant proceeded, "But do not let us mix him up with the President of the Board of Trade, who comes down here at intervals luxuriating in the comfort of pyjamas." It is said that the son of Randolph blushed, but that would be contrary to precedent.

Mr. George Graves, the comedian, must be a proud mon the day. According to a gent alleged by the *North Eastern Daily Gazette* to be an eminent critic, "when Mr. Graves is at his best you are infected by the movements of his soul as it rolls in the waves of life like a porpoise in the sea. Your soul rolls with his in a tide of hilarity. The more you laugh the less you laugh at. There is a chemical change in your very blood. Mr. Graves makes you eat the melon of life till your ears are wet." If this eminent critic is right, Mr. Graves ought to be suppressed as a public nuisance. If not, he ought to issue a writ for libel.

If other local bodies followed the example of the Town Commissioners of Gorey, Wexford, there would be some curious complications. At the last election the Labour Party surprised the older political regiments by securing rather more members than had been anticipated, and the gentlemen who should have been colleagues of the Labour members have sulked ever since in their tents. Consequently there is no quorum. Thus no business is done. Yet we should not be astonished to learn that Gorey, Wexford, is quite a cheap and enjoyable place to live in.

"Is or is it not a fact that in the Postal Order Issue Department, Somerset House, the young ladies have to pass *no examinations*, and receive from 25s. to 40s. a week, a large proportion of them being *daughters of well-paid Somerset House officials?*" Thus queries a correspondent. We will enquire.

In his speech to the shareholders of the Great Northern Railway, Lord Allerton intimated that the time might not be far off when there would be only one class of carriages. Undoubtedly matters are tending in that direction. Second-class carriages appear to be retained on some of the lines for the sole purpose of accommodating her Ladyship's maid and his Lordship's valet, whilst the maintenance of first-class carriages is becoming a costly philanthropy for the big lines. On the other hand, competition of tramways and tubes notwithstanding, third-class passengers still provide the most considerable proportion of revenue.

In our recent Open Letter to the Duke of Portland we suggested that his lordship should reflect on the difficulty of getting the populace to form in procession behind the Dukes and big landowners. Take the strange case of the Duke of Northumberland. This distinguished person, who, under the Budget, is liable to pay a percentage of his unearned increment, likewise a small tax on his undeveloped land and his minerals, prosecuted two fishermen the other day for fishing within the low water mark at Warkworth Harbour, "which the Duke claimed is his private fishery." The earth is the lord's. The sea is his and the rivers, and many of the fish therein. And when flying becomes as popular as motoring, but cheaper, we expect to find him bobbing up in the courts of the realm with the claim that the air is his also.

The Week's "Chestnut":—

"Have you never broken your marriage vow?" asked Counsel. "Never," came the emphatic reply from the co-respondent. "*Never?*" pursued the cross-examiner—"*never* broken it?" "Never," again came the answer; and then, after a pause, "I may have *bent* it."

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE HAS ITS EYE ON—

The 500 "Men" who Calmly Watched a Man Drowning in Queensmere Pond, Wimbledon.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

NOTICE.—No more biscuits for births, deaths, or marriages, which creep into the wrong column. Much too gruesome to be funny!
WARNING.—Biscuits are uncompromisingly denied to papers alluding to "old women of both sexes." There are so many of them.

For exhibiting the following ticket:—"Wear a red tail lamp and let the motor-driver see you nickel plated,"
BOND'S STORES (Euston Road),
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For saying that "half the LIES *told about Cabinet Ministers are* NOT TRUE,"
MR. FERENS, M.P.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For describing Mr. Lloyd George's Limehouse speech as "the action of a cad," and then explaining that the phrase was not used "in any ungentlemanly sense,"
MR. A. C. CAPORN, OF MANSFIELD,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in the "Morning Post" that "the MAN *who has a thousand a year in Consols may be a widow with ten children and no vote,"*
FRANCES P. BURKE, OF
MITCHEN HALL, GODALMING,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising a "beautiful pedigree fawn Great Dane bitch . . . make splendid DOG,"
AN ADVERTISER IN THE
EXCHANGE AND MART
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following report: Mr. R. A. Young, for the defence, called Machin, kicked him two or three times and jammed him against the gate, with the result that he injured himself,
THE NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing a "solo for two cornets,"
THE MANAGER OF THE FOLKESTONE
PLEASURE GARDENS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising a cockerel and two hens under the heading "musical,"
THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE ECHO
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising: "Funerals furnished complete. Fit and COMFORT *guaranteed,"*
T. W. BENBOW, OF WORCESTER,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following passage in a novel: "She did not open her lips. She merely . . . ROARED WITH LAUGHTER,"
F. FRANKFORT MOORE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the ice-cream was HOT *and had evidently been boiled,"*
THE BIRMINGHAM DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following paragraph:—"Several diamond necklaces, one of them being worth £2,000, were stolen by astute pickpockets. SIGNOR CARUSO HAS SELDOM MET WITH SUCH OVERPOWERING SUCCESS,"
THE BRUSSELS CORRESPONDENT OF
THE DAILY TELEGRAPH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising, "Wanted DEAD *white dog that can really win,"*
C. INHOLMES, OF HURSTPIERPOINT,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising a pair of baby's white shoes at 6d. PER YARD,
MESSRS. W. SMITH AND CO. (of Catford)
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH PAGEANT.

WE REVEAL THE INNER HISTORY OF A GREAT FIASCO.

The Church Pageant has been "brought to a triumphant conclusion"—with a deficit of £8,000. The proceeds amounted to about £24,000 as against an expenditure of approximately £32,000. The manner in which this state of affairs has come to pass is instructive. The pageant originated with the Rev. Walter Marshall, vicar of St. Patrick's Church, Hove. His colleagues in the project were the Rev. H. W. Maycock and the Rev. George Long. The latter soon dropped out of the trio, but in the hands of Mr. Marshall and a few friends the pageant took practical shape. In this way the committee of the English Church Pageant was entirely self-appointed, and it is with the methods of the gentlemen who formed this committee that we have to deal. There was a "finance committee" of two, who on the occasion of their one and only meeting decided that they could not be responsible for the actions of the executive.

£7,000 for Hire of Grand Stand.

The organisation of the pageant was by no means a trivial affair—it was one which required a considerable knowledge of business matters. Yet there was not a single business man on the committee, nor were proper accounts kept, or written orders often given, or copies of letters usually kept. An honorary accountant and an honorary auditor were appointed in the persons of Mr. G. Roby Pridie and Mr. John Ocleshaw, but the former afterwards retired. In the placing of contracts, the various members of the executive acted quite independently of each other. Shortly, they presented almost as interesting a study in schism as the Church which they claimed to represent. No tenders were invited. The grand-stand was hired at a cost of £7,000, and this contract was passed by the committee, while an estimate to provide the same stand for less than half of that sum was lying at the offices. The chairs on the stand were also hired at 3s. apiece, whereas the cost price of each chair was something under 2s. Some sixty horses were hired at £20 each, and placed under the care of Mr. Hugh Pollard, the Master of Horse. Mr. Pollard was not permitted to allot his mounts to those whom he considered capable of controlling them, with the natural result that it was found necessary to provide *one mounted attendant to every two mounted performers*, thus causing a sheer waste of several hundreds of pounds.

In the preliminary announcements of the pageant great stress was laid upon the fact that each performer would provide his or her own costume, and this act of pious devotion was held up as a beautiful example of filial duty on the part of the sons and daughters of the Church. But we find a sum of no less than £5,000 at present outstanding against the "Costume Department." It would be interesting to know how this comes about. Perhaps the Committee will be able to enlighten us.

Treatment of Clerical Staff.

The treatment of the clerical staff was, to say the least of it, not generous. Even while the stress of work was heaviest, there were only seven clerks engaged in the office, including the office-boy. These men were called upon to deal with the vast amount of correspondence, to attend to the endless enquiries of the visitors, and to superintend the sale of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand tickets. For many days they were working from 16 to 18 hours a day, and on more than one occasion two of the clerks worked from ten o'clock on Sunday morning to four o'clock the following morning. For several nights—before beds were provided for them in an adjacent room—two of the men actually slept on the floor of the office. Had they been suitably paid for this slave-like devotion one might have understood it, but they were not. On more than one occasion the secretary made up the wages of the staff out of his own pocket. In these circumstances, it is interesting to read in the Rev. J. F. Kendal's "Notes" that the pageant was intended to show, among other things, "the way in which the Church secured to the working man a weekly day for rest and worship; how it destroyed slavery in England," etc. True, the staff were promised a bonus, but this has not as yet been forthcoming.

How the Seats were Sold.

There was no check on the money which came into the office; the hundreds of pounds which were received daily were simply left for anyone to handle. Patrons were offered a reduction on purchasing two seats at the same time; *e.g.*, one guinea seat for any afternoon and one guinea seat for any evening, if paid for together, cost 35s. instead of 42s. There was no method of checking tickets thus sold; they were not marked in any way. No less than £5,000 worth of free seats were distributed to the Press and to the friends of the committee. Though money was being returned, during the actual run of the pageant, at the rate of £60 and £70 a day, there are, at present, stacks of unused tickets at 116, Victoria Street.

The guarantee fund of £800 has already been spent, and we can only hope that those who put up the money were prepared for this result.

Choristers still Unpaid.

The boys of the London College of Choristers are still waiting—or were very recently—to be paid for their services, and we have been informed that Mr. Bate—the head of that institution—has threatened to put the matter in the hands of his solicitors.

Had it not been for Mr. Hugh Moss, the pageant would have proved an even more ghastly fiasco than it has done. Three weeks before the opening day the committee decided to dispense with the services of Mr. Lascelles, and Mr. Moss was engaged, with a really wonderful result considering the short time at his disposal. The dismissal of Mr. Lascelles cost the funds £500.

It is easy to see why the Bishop of London resigned his post as president of the executive committee, and why the Committee did not choose to make any public announcement of his Lordship's resignation. Had the committee trusted themselves to their Honorary Secretary, Mr. Frank Murray, the result might have been less disastrous than it has proved. Mr. Murray brought the Winchester pageant to a satisfactory conclusion with a balance on the right side, and it may safely be said that he could have steered the frail craft of the English Church Pageant to the desired haven of profit. But, on many important matters, he was not even consulted. It was not considered necessary to notify him of committee meetings.

Whom the Organisers Represented.

It is a good thing for the country that the organisers of the pageant do not really represent the National Church. Most of the clergymen mentioned in the official handbook are members of such societies as the Society of the Holy Cross, the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, the Alcuin Club, etc. It was run by a little clique of ritualists who will have to pay for their temerity.

But perhaps the promoters will be able to explain all these things. We shall be glad to hear what they have to say.

CANDID CONFESSION.

My love, with eyes of hazel hue and figure full divine,
I'd care not should the heavens fall as long as thou art mine!
Lovers of other maids may sing of virtues sweet and rare;
I listen not; or, heeding, smile,—thou are beyond compare!
Of thee I sing, of thee alone; away from thee I pine.
Wert thou to wish it I would die for thee—for I am thine!
Love bids me give the world thy charms and makes a joy of giving.
Great Herrick! I'm a fearful liar—*it's just to earn my living!*

H. I.

THE SUICIDE OF A GREAT GOVERNMENT.—III.

By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

[In his two previous articles, Mr. Bottomley has dealt with the policy of the Government in relation to South Africa, Education, Gambling, Temperance, the House of Lords, and the Navy.]

We have seen how Chadband, Stiggins and Waterbutt, M.P., have dominated the domestic policy of the Government, and before we come to larger questions let us just take a glance in one or two other directions in which their meddlesome activity has wrought mischief.

The Children Bill.

Here is a splendid specimen of attempting to do by legislation that which is the sacred, and exclusive, duty of the parent, and, if you like, the pastor. The Bill is called the Children's Charter. But a Charter implies Rights and Liberties—not Police wet-nursing. There is much I could point to in this silly measure utterly opposed to democratic principle, but as I am concerned now only with the predisposing causes of the Government's suicide—or attempted suicide—I content myself with what is known as the Public House clause. We have made it an offence for a parent to take a child into licensed premises. A perfectly respectable, sober man and his wife may go for a walk into the country with their children, but if they wish to call at an inn for a glass of beer or a cup of tea—even if they wish to enter the garden attached to the establishment—they must leave the youngsters outside, in the road. It may be pouring with rain; the kiddies may be tired and thirsty—outside they must remain. Have you noticed the result? Just look at our cartoon, on another page. I believe that since the passing of the Act the number of lost children found by the police has increased enormously. No wonder Mr. Gladstone has decided to "institute an enquiry into the working of the clause." It has cost the Liberal Party hundreds of thousands of votes. It is a ridiculous attempt to "alter the habits and customs of the people" by Act of Parliament.

The Shops Bill.

And this brings me to the latest triumph of Mr. Chadband and his colleagues. For years past there has been an outcry against the oppressive conditions under which shop assistants work. Their hours are, in many cases, atrocious; their food is often unfit for pigs, and they are the victims of a system of Fines which renders them little better than slaves. Any well-considered measure, applying the principle of the Factory Acts to the redress of these evils, should commend itself to every right-minded person. But here Chadband and Co. saw their opportunity—and again they captured the Government. Now, I am not one of those who decry the present Home Secretary. I have been brought a good deal in contact with him, and I look upon him as perhaps the most level-headed man on the Treasury Bench. And that makes his surrender the more remarkable. Perhaps he has been handicapped, hitherto, by a too "good" Under-Secretary—"good," as Dizzy once said of Gladstone, "in the worst sense of the word." And in introducing his Shops Bill he actually used the phrase I have just quoted—it aimed at changing the habits and customs of the people! As well might you introduce a Bill for the Regulation of Honeymoons. Now let us look at this measure. I say nothing about the limitation of the hours to sixty a week, exclusive of meal-times (long enough in all conscience!), nor as to the provisions in regard to ventilation and sanitation. I will do my utmost to see these clauses passed. But what right have we to say that irrespectively of the character of the district, or the nature of the business, no shop shall be open after eight o'clock in the evening on more than three days a week? In many parts of London practically the whole trade of a shop is done between eight and ten at night, and provided the condition as to the total hours worked in a week is observed, what right have we to dictate to either the shopkeeper or the public what those hours shall be? Then, take this provision—every shop is to be closed one day a week at two o'clock in the afternoon. "Every *shop*," mark you! (I will deal with the special exemptions in a moment.) Nothing, you will observe, to do with shop *assistants*. An old man, or an old woman—or both—with a little shop *must* close at two o'clock one day a week! And then every shop is to be closed on Sundays! Now, who with any knowledge of the conditions of London life will deny that in many places Sunday shopping is a necessity? How many men are there who do not receive their wages till late on Saturday night? How many families are there living in one room? Are they to be compelled to store their meat and fish under the bed? I remember a fanatical parson standing as candidate a few years ago for the Hackney Borough Council. Part of his programme was No Sunday Trading, and when the question I have just asked was put to him, he advised the poor people of London Fields to "salt or otherwise preserve their Sunday food." He got well salted himself—and so will the Government if it does not drop this silly Sabbatarian nonsense. Just listen to this: "Nothing in this section shall be construed as preventing a barber or hairdresser from attending a customer in the customer's residence." There's protection for the working man! And what are the exemptions? Tobacco, newspapers, motor and cycle accessories! The old woman may not buy a reel of cotton, or a bit of fish, or a joint of meat—she may get bread, milk and cream *before ten o'clock in the morning*—but the old man may get his bacey, which he could buy just as easily on his way home on Saturday. Winkles and shrimps, and water "creases" will be no more! And the muffin man, with his bell, will be a thing of the past!

So much for domestic legislation. Mr. Churchill recently said that the Budget was to provide a new Doomsday Book. The social policy of the Government has been based upon the principle of the Curfew Bell.

National Expenditure.

In this matter the country has also received a shock. At the General Election we were told that the Tories, during their reign of office, had added fifty millions a year to the nation's expenditure, and that it would be one of the first duties of the Liberals to bring things back to the old level. In four years we have added many millions to the Bill. I do not say it could have been avoided. Except in connection with the Civil Service—where ten millions could be saved by business management—it is possible that the total must go on increasing. We are committed to Old Age Pensions, and to an active Naval policy; and we shall soon, I hope, be committed to a colossal scheme of internal development—by means of which we may for some years to come, at all events, grapple successfully with the problem of the Unemployed. This means more and more money—and I predict that within the next ten years our Annual Expenditure will have reached Two Hundred Millions. But all that is beside the point. We led the electors to expect that our advent to power would be signalised by a great reduction. And now the Man in the Street thinks we were pulling his leg.

Government Personnel.

Here, too, the public has been disappointed. All the chief posts in the hands of the lawyers, and all the minor ones in the hands of—well, the minor mediocrities. *Esprit de corps* seals one's lips, and I will only say I do not think that Mr. Asquith strengthened his position by some of his recent appointments.

Oh! for that Business Government!

(To be continued.)

JIM.

By Mrs. Crow.

Jim has retired to a desert island. So I am writing in his stead. I hope he will not hurry back. Happily he is too conceited to think I am rejoicing in his absence. Of course I mean that I hope he is enjoying himself with his barley-water and his poetry under his spreading chestnuts. I should hate to drag him away from elevating associates. For one thing, he is even politer than usual when under the influence of other women.

Inspiring Influences.

As you know, he is a great admirer of Disraeli. So he follows the advice of his hero: "Talk to women as much as you can." But he would not do so if I did not encourage him. At least, I hope not. And why should I discourage him? I know he will never fall into mischief. He is far too fond of me for that. My opinion is that women are better instruments of civilisation than men. A woman may take Jim to drink whi-ky and soda at her club, but she will not ply him with liquor till his nose shines like Aldebaran, "the red star, the gipsy star." Another may sometimes repeat mildly Rabelaisian stories in his private ear, but social conventions exclude the fear of grossness. If another play cards with him, the game is probably bridge, and the stakes are certainly low. On a racecourse conversation interferes with betting. Remember, too, how economical it is for him to be with women instead of men. Ladies do not borrow money, inspire mining investments, or paint Paris red.

A True Aristocrat.

You may, peradventure, jump to the conclusion that I am foolish or credulous in assuming that Jim consorts with only the right kind of women. But you do not know him as well as I do. He has often told me that he has the profoundest and most aristocratic contempt for females of any but the highest class, the noblest aspirations, the most delicate sentiments. In fact, unless they wear strawberry-leaves or the white robe of innocency, he turns away from them with scorn. As he has a holy horror of theatres and music-halls, he can never be entangled with a corps-de-ballet. As coarse voices are maranatha to his fastidious ear, he could never tolerate the flaunting minxes who haunt the promenades of places where they sing. And as he is always hard up, he could never attract the ignoble army of peroxide pimpernels who devour young men's diamonds. Besides, I know he is ugly, and everybody knows he is not amusing. For my part, I have never heard him say anything witty at home, except perhaps when he mislikes his dinner. Even then, as I have reminded him many a time and oft, rudeness is not necessarily effective sarcasm, any more than abuse is always argument. Therefore, I am safe in every way: jealousy would be absurd. Q. E. D.

An Altruist.

It is true that I have sometimes felt uneasy, though, of course, never for very long. Sometimes he is obliged to stay out late at night, but that is only when he is engaged on important business for the benefit of the home or the enlargement of my circle of friends. The only time I permitted myself a fleeting suspicion was when he failed to return to breakfast. But he explained that he had been absolutely compelled to see a man about a dog, and he offered to produce the man, and before long he did actually reproduce the breakfast. I ventured to remark that I had experienced some anxiety, fearing lest he should have been robbed or run over. But he lectured me on the folly of anticipating disaster, the wickedness indeed of failing to repose implicit faith in Providence—and in him. On another occasion, as I was hurrying to catch an omnibus, I saw him driving along Piccadilly in a motor-car with a gilded lady at his side. She was personally unknown to me, and I confess that neither her hat nor her raiment satisfied my canons of taste. Indeed, if he had not subsequently assured me of her respectability, I should have jumped to the conclusion that she was a trollop. That only shows how reprehensible it is for us to listen to the wiles of the Devil, when he tries to lead us away from the paths of charity. Imagine, too, what an ungrateful wretch I felt myself to be, when he confessed that he actively misliked this very lady, and had only endured her society in order to obtain valuable hints for my own toilet. Conceive my hideous shame, my lowly contrition, my abject apologies! Alas, alas, how can I ever forgive myself for my evil thoughts, for my utter unworthiness of this my paragon husband?

A Present Help in Sickness.

Never, surely, was any man so uniformly considerate. If one of my teeth aches, he will hurry out to buy Brazil nuts and sugar-candy and Porterhouse steaks and ice-creams, and all his favourite delicacies. I have not the heart to tell him that these are not precisely suitable remedies, for after all it is my province to purvey. Nor shall I ever forget his thoughtfulness when I was stricken with influenza. My head was racked with pain, my eyes were streaming, the least little noise made me want to scream. Will you believe it? The dear, kind fellow sat up for hours by my bedside with his cigar and whisky, retailing all the funniest stories he could remember, and seeking to cheer me with his merry laugh.

No Benefit of Clergy.

Now, you may be asking, how is it that a man whose home life is exemplary, whose affection is constant, whose very wife sings his magnificat, is still regarded askance by many persons? A swashbuckler, you admit, may be useful in rebuking iniquity and hypocrisy: in that sense Savonarola was a swashbuckler. But, you remind me, Mr. Crow, on his own showing, has not always been the ascetic gentleman from whom admonitions are readily received. Very well, I will read you a passage from my favourite romance, "Saints in Society":—

> There is a certain trait so peculiar to unconvertible middle-classism that it stamps the scions of that great bulwark of the British Empire as indelibly as an ink-stamp on a receipted bill. And that is the absolute incapacity to realise that anyone can possibly say what he does not mean, or be what he does not profess to be. Again and again it is the unfortunate experience of the witty, and even of the wise, to be taken absolutely and literally, word for word, without benefit of clergy in the shape of extenuating circumstances, passing emotion, or any other quite reasonable ground for having said a certain thing.

The Fate of a Prophet.

Mark you, this is not a condemnation of the impenitent middle class, to whom we owe manufactures as well as missions to the heathen, peace as well as puddings, the virtue of our women no less than the drab lives of our men.

It is not a condemnation, but it explains how "the salt ones of the earth" gasp and wonder over the homilies of James. They can no more help their prejudices than remove their humps, make merry or appreciate art. To sum up, Jim is engaged in civilising them, but his task is arduous: "Per angusta, ad augusta."

Editorial Postscript.

At the last moment we have received an urgent telegram from Mrs. Crow, informing us that Jim Crow wrote the above article himself. It is too late to publish anything else in its place.

A HANDY MAN.

A reader sends us the following copy of an old newspaper cutting in his possession. Can anyone tell us its origin:—

"By His Majesty's Letters Patent. Beards taken off and registered by Isaac Punchard, Barber and Perrewig maker, Surgeon, Parish Clerk, School-master, Blacksmith. I shaves for a penny, cuts hare for twopence, and sells in the bargane, young Ladees genteely educated, Letters lighted by the year or quarter, young gentlemen also taught their grammar langwige in the neatest manner, and great keer taken of there morrels and spellin.

"Also salm singing or Horce shewing by the reel maker, likewise maks and mends awl sorts of butes and shews, teaches the Hoboy, and the Jews harp, cuts corns, bleeds and blisters on the lowest terms. Cowtillions and other dances tawt at home and abrode, also deals holesale and retail in Perfumery in all its branches, sells awl sorts of stationery ware, together with blackin-ball, red-Herrins, Gingerbred, coles, scrubbin Brushes, treycle, mouse-Traps, and other sweetmeets, Likewise Godfathers cordial, red rutes, Tatoes, Black-puddins, Sosages and other garden stuffs. P.S.

"I teaches Goggrify, and all other out-langwiged sort of things. A bawl on Wensday, and Friday, Awl performed by me God willon, Isaac Punchard. To be had of at mu warehouse were you may be served with the very best Bacco, by the ounce, ream, single Sheet, or quire. N.B.

"Likewise also beware of countfeets, for such is abrode."

What Is Your Number?

See page iii of cover.

In response to the popular demand

B.D.V.

The King of Tobaccos

is now sold in

Half-Ounce Packets

FOR

2½d.

Lasts longer in the Pipe.

There's nothing else so good.

SUPPORT

GODFREY PHILLIPS

The Smoker's Friend.

ROYAL WEST OF ENGLAND SANATORIUM.

(The Secretary replies to our questions, and two late inmates give their experiences.)

We have received the following letter from the Secretary of the above Institution :—

Dear Sir,—In your issue of the 14th instant you ask for *more information* respecting this Institution which we are encouraged to hope does so much good in the West of England, and you put several questions which I have the pleasure to answer on the other side. The *information* sought will be found, I think, in the printed matter enclosed.

1. The last annual report.
2. Copy of general rules.
3. Copy of rules for patients.
4. Sketch and description of the sanatorium. If when you have read this you can see your way to become a subscriber, the Institution will be grateful to you.—Yours faithfully, W. Dealtry. *Hon. Sec.*

Question 1.—A hymn is sung at evening prayers, lasting some three minutes, but no patient is compelled to join in it. A little reflection would show that this would be impossible, even if desired.

Question 2.—Patients can attend or not, as they like, the short service given in the chapel on Sunday morning. Sermon included, it lasts under an hour, and is of the Broad Church character. Patients not being members of the Church of England are free to go out and worship elsewhere. Roman Catholics commonly do so.

(Notices to this effect are hung all over the Institution.)

Question 3.—It is found absolutely necessary to keep male and female patients apart. For this reason they take their meals at separate tables arranged in the usual way. Patients do not sit back to back. Conversation as an aid to digestion is encouraged.

So much for the Secretary's version. We append two letters selected from many before us, giving the other side of the picture. Here is one :—

In answer to questions in John Bull *re* Sanatorium, Weston-super-Mare, I have great pleasure in forwarding you a few particulars. I have been there myself. First rule, seldom carried out, patients not arriving on day certified, their bed will be given to the next waiting. No large boxes allowed. General routine—A dismal gong sounds at 7 o'clock. You arise, dress, open your bed, and downstairs to the waiting-room. Sit still half-an-hour before breakfast, subdued speech only allowed. Breakfast time, superintendent calls your names from a list, as each one answers pass out into passage and stand in line. When all are assembled, march gracefully into the dining-hall, nurses posted about presumably to keep order. On entering dining-room do not look to the left, as that is the female side, and you incur the displeasure of the matron. After breakfast, upstairs and make your bed, place chair on top and leave it for inspection, if not made to satisfaction, you have to make it again, under guidance of an old hand. On no account is anyone allowed to enter the bedroom during the day. Each and every time you go in or out you have to change your footwear, as you are not allowed in any part, not even the wash-house, with boots on, and not allowed outside even in the garden with shoes on. Same routine every meal-time. Half-an-hour sitting still, answer your name, line up and march in, no rushing. Considering the price you pay, the food is poor. Once a week, one hard-boiled egg, sometimes bad. Once a week, one sausage; once a week, one stale halfpenny bun; dinners are good. Occasionally you get jam, rather watery. At supper-time you get music. One of the nurses plays a pianoforte piece, after which hymn-books are passed round and the nightly service begins—hymns, Bible-reading, prayers, after which, bed 9 o'clock. You have to be very punctual. I was halfway up the path once, and saw the door shut, and when I rang, the nurse sharply told me I was a minute late. You are not allowed to speak to female patients, inside or outside the building, even your own sister, under pain of dismissal. There is a tower in the building which commands a view of the whole sea front, so if you want to break this rule, don't go along the promenade. On Sunday you go to church, irrespective of your personal views or creed. The church is in the building, and they divide sexes—males right, females left. A nurse plays the organ, and they come round the pews with the collecting-plate. The wards contain about a dozen patients, but for 3s. per week extra you can have a room to yourself. Patients ordered medicine stand in a row and the nurse calls your name and hands you your dose. (This just before going to bed.) When I was there, over twenty waited nightly, and there were only two glasses to supply all, the nurse merely wiping them out occasionally. In the day-room was a bagatelle table, but they took the cues away to prevent us playing, as the noise disturbed the matron. Any person caught entering a public-house, instant dismissal. There is a smoke room about 7 feet square, with a very small window, which has to do for everyone. If you have relations in town you very particularly wish to see, you can sometimes get permission to stay out to tea. Consumptives, chest complaints, and other complaints are all mixed up. For instance, the man on either side of me had to use spitting bottles (2s. 6d. deposit on same), so that it was awfully pleasant for me at night. The library is miserably poor. At meals, if you turn round to look at the ladies you are reprimanded. Men and women sit back to back. You are allowed ten minutes in the baths. You would, I feel sure, be surprised at the amount of red-tapeism practised by the officials there. If reminds you of boarding-school days.

And here is the other :—

With reference to your paragraph in the current issue of John Bull, about the Royal West of England Sanatorium, Weston.

In June of last year, a lady friend of mine (who is now my wife) was sent to this institution by her employers, who paid the full amount, and she tells me that the various charges made by you are quite correct. The "sitting back to back" seems to be due to the fact that the men and women patients come into the dining-room by different doors and sit at separate tables, two long tables running down the room. The following little incident will show how strict the rule about patients of opposite sexes speaking is: A young woman and a young man, close friends, happened to be down there at the same time, and only after they had been there a week did they discover the fact, the man happening to catch sight of the girl as she came in to dinner one day. In order to avoid trouble, they used to meet or separate at the pier, about 15 minutes' walk away.

All patients *had* to attend church, whatever their religion. My wife was a Wesleyan, with a tendency to agnosticism, and as I went down for the week-end, she naturally tried to dodge this item, but was not allowed to do so.

We do not think we will become a subscriber to the Institution.

A THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD.

OUR OFFER TO "JOHN BULL" READERS FOR THE FORMATION OF A "BUSINESS GOVERNMENT."

The idea of a Business Government is in the air. People are sick and tired of the old Party game—the eternal Ins and Outs, with all the principal prizes to the lawyers and the professional politicians.

It is just dawning on the public mind that the First Lord of the Admiralty should be a practical sailor; the Secretary of War, an experienced soldier; the President of the Board of Trade, a man of commerce; the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a financier—with a similarly qualified man at the head of every other department of the State.

Is the idea practicable? We wish our readers to answer the question. We are going to assume that a General Election takes place towards the end of the present year, and that, being over, the King is called upon to form a new Ministry. How should it be constituted? First, of what posts should it consist, and, secondly, who should be invited to fill them? There is no reason why the present system should be adhered to. The thing is to divide the business of the country into convenient departments and place the right men at their head. Full particulars of the scheme have been given in our last three issues, and this week's coupon will be found on page 284.

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IF I WERE MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

By Herbert Vivian.

Everyone seems to admit that the present system of education—as well in the village as in the University—is useless and absurd. We cannot produce even a clerk or a waiter capable of competing with foreign imports. All our successful men are self-taught, at least in the essentials of their success. Where, for instance, would Mr. Churchill be if he had been restricted to the lore which Harrow could impart? Or Mr. Lloyd George, if he had omitted to supplement his rural pedagogues? It is in spite of our national system of education, surely, that we remain the first nation in the world.

Luxuries of Learning.

If I had the ordaining of a curriculum, I should of course exclude all useless lessons: music, drawing, dead languages, science, higher mathematics, literature, even dogma, though that is a fine trapeze for the intelligence. All those exercises are the luxuries of learning, and might still be enjoyed in spare time by all such as have leisure.

The Pure Well of English.

So far, no doubt, I have all thoughtful persons on my side. They will agree with me that neither Shakespeare nor the trombone, nor Homer, nor the differential calculus contributes to the welfare of the average citizen. But they may not have reflected over practical alternatives. They may admit that a thorough knowledge of English must come as a foundation; but will they insist on a course of rhetoric and the elimination of all provincial accents?

Lucidity.

Have they realised how helpless people, supposed to be thoroughly educated, still are when they need to express the simplest thought? Set your average man, the voter, the back-bone of the country, the ultimate arbiter of the national destinies, upon his legs, invite him to make a speech on any question of the hour, and it is odds that he will blush, flounder, stutter, in fine make a sorry fool of himself.

Languor about Languages.

Most of us lament the indifference of our countrymen in the matter of foreign tongues. Many would encourage a knowledge of French. But how few would go further and advocate the teaching of Spanish and Russian and German? If, however, all the time-wasting, arid, dead-sea-fruity instruction of the present day were abolished, there is no reason why any man of ordinary intelligence should fail to acquire three or four live languages.

Legal Training for All.

So far I have probably carried my readers with me. But I shall perhaps tax their sympathy more severely when I crave that the rising generation may be given a sound working knowledge of law. Thereby we should begin to hope to shake off the incubus of lawyers, those all-pervading parasites who have invaded every domain of local politics, obscured even the Treasury Bench. They have only triumphed by turning themselves into a close corporation, by safeguarding their secrets in a cryptic tongue, like medicine-men and other impostors.

Ignorance Breeds Timidity.

The courts hold that ignorance of the law is no excuse for a trespass or misdemeanour, but our educational authorities take no steps to remove that ignorance. Consider the utter helplessness of intelligent persons when harassed by shady solicitors or confronted by a summons. Most of us will submit to any extortion rather than venture out upon the stormy seas of litigation. We are not all Bottomleys.

Protection for the Poor.

And this helplessness affords the golden opportunity for every rascal in the country to grind the faces of the poor. Every day we hear of some simple soul (whose doorstep has been besieged by touts, tallymen, oily wheedlers of every description), signing some confusing document and involving himself in untold miseries. A blue paper, a lawyer's letter, any travesty of judicial process strikes terror into the hearts of the unsophisticated, who have no more notion of safeguarding their fleece than the sheep in the field. Look at the rich harvests reaped every day by advertising rogues, fee-grabbers, cover-snatchers, money-lenders' touts. If we could only make "every man his own lawyer," all such iniquities would immediately and automatically terminate.

If, as Minister of Education, I were merely successful in extending a knowledge of common law to the masses, I should deserve well of posterity.

FARROW'S BANK, LTD.,

THE PEOPLE'S BANK.

EXTRACT FROM

CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH

At the Annual Meeting of Shareholders.

Mr. Thomas Farrow, chairman and managing director of Farrow's Bank, Ltd., in the course of his annual address to the shareholders on the 28th ult., said:—

I look upon these meetings as so many red-letters days in the history of an institution which is destined to become world-famous. (Hear, hear.) We meet face to face, and shareholders have an opportunity of rubbing shoulders with one another. We render an account of our stewardship, and have sufficient confidence in ourselves and in the institution to believe that the reports which we present to you justify the encouraging observation, "Well done!" (Applause.)

I am not here to-day to denounce the Socialistic tendencies of Budgets, to occupy your time by a dissertation upon the merits or demerits of Free Trade and Tariff Reform, to deplore the fact that the Bank Rate does not permit of the payment of a reasonable rate of interest upon deposit capital, or even to bemoan the drop in the price of Consols. Budgets and Bank Rates may come and go, but Farrow's Bank, like the gentle brook, flows on for ever—(laughter)—undisturbed by outside influences, and proving that we have tapped a new source of revenue, and that we have supplied a need which the banking world had previously failed to meet. (Hear, hear.)

Whatever the Budget, whatever the Bank Rate, we pay a fixed rate of interest for the money which the public entrust to us, we charge a fixed rate of interest for the money which the public wish to borrow from us, the difference between the two being the profit, and, as you will see for yourselves, a very good profit too. (Hear, hear.)

Now, the past year's record is before you. On previous occasions I have occupied some hours of your time in endeavouring to justify the existence of the Bank, to put in a plea, so to speak, for its aims and objects; but the time has gone by for that sort of thing, and we are now content to be judged by results.

That we have made considerable progress since we issued our first balance-sheet in June, 1905, is evidenced by a few facts. In June, 1905, our cash in hand amounted to £8 0s; in June, 1909, it is £39,500. Our reserve fund was then £661; it is now £10,000 invested in Consols. Our current account credit balances were then £925; they are now £114,393. Our thrift account totalled £697, against £8,488 in 1909; while our deposit accounts, which were £9,473, are now £161,519. Thus the totals of these three features of the Bank's work amounted to £11,095 in June, 1905, and £284,400 in June, 1909. Now, if the same ratio of progress be maintained during the next four years, surely not an unreasonable proposition, our current account credit balances would amount to some £14,000,000, our deposit accounts to about £2,750,000, and our thrift accounts to £100,000, a total of £16,850,000.

That we may do in the next four years what we have done in the past four is evidenced by the large increase in current account, deposit, and thrift capital since the 30th of June last.

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THE POST OFFICE AND ITS STAFF.

WHEN WILL THE P.M.G. REDEEM HIS PROMISE TO THE SUB-ENGINEERS?

By a Victim.

At the last General Election, over 500 members were returned pledged to support a motion for the appointment of a Committee to enquire into the grievances of Post Office servants. On his appointment as Postmaster-General, Mr. Buxton, on his own initiative, immediately procured the appointment of a Select Committee.

It is a pity that this brilliant beginning should have been subsequently clouded by so many "regrettable instances." The first of these was a defeated attempt to prevent a certain Honourable Member for a London division, who had previously shown some sympathy with the postmen, from serving on the Committee. This was followed by newspaper references to a compromising arrangement under which only a certain section of the telegraphists received an increase in the maximum of their scale. Since the issue of the Committee's report, many of the signatories have complained bitterly of the interpretation which the Postmaster-General has given to their recommendations. The case of the sub-engineers, to which Mr. Bottomley has drawn attention in the House, may be cited as an instance. It is not necessary to refer to the evidence given on behalf of the staff. Their case was fully made out by the admissions of Sir John Ganey, C.B., late Engineer-in-Chief of the Post Office, who was put forward to give rebutting evidence on behalf of the Department. He had to admit that solely by holding out to them prospects of early promotion he induced these officers to consent to be transferred from a class with a maximum of £170 per annum to a class with a maximum of only £150 per annum. He admitted that payment for overtime had been stopped, while excessive hours were made compulsory; and that he had expected to be able to promote these sub-engineers after they had completed about three years' service. He regretted, however, that these expectations had not been fulfilled, and that some of these sub-engineers had been kept for over seven years in the apprentice class. He admitted that many of them had for years been doing engineer's work for the lower wages of sub-engineers. He gave it as his opinion that three years was long enough for anyone to remain as a sub-engineer, and he stated that he did not consider any further examination necessary before promotion; and he threw the blame for the unjust treatment which these officers had received on the Treasury.

The Select Committee recommended—and in face of the foregoing evidence they could not do otherwise—that all suitable and capable sub-engineers who had completed three years' service should be promoted immediately.

The Postmaster-General has since decided that this recommendation does not refer to the men of whom Sir John Ganey spoke—the present members of the class!

As a sort of apology, the Postmaster-General promised that all the present sub-engineers who succeeded in passing a new Civil Service Examination, would be promoted, while those who failed would have ample opportunity for study afforded them before the next examination was held.

The first examination was held in January last. Men of nearly 40 years of age were called on to revert to their school days and re-study Euclid, etc., and the standard set was such that only about 40 per cent. succeeded in passing. But none of these have yet been promoted.

As regards the promised facilities for study, an official circular has been issued to the officers concerned, in which it is stated that the facilities referred to consist of an arrangement whereby they are to be permitted to go home after completing a normal day's duty, if longer attendance is not required by the exigencies of the service!

The Postmaster-General has decided that the Committee's recommendations refer only to future entrants into the class of sub-engineers. Arrangements have been made, however, so that there will be no "future entrants." The class has been made redundant. The work will, in future, be done by a new class, to be dubbed "Inspectors." And this from a "Liberal" Government!

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OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Earl of Rosebery, in Nubibus.

My Lord,—I am not often in complete agreement with you, but you made many truthful observations at the opening of a flower-show the other day. You pointed out (1) the fallacy of imagining that shows required to be opened at all; (2) your own total unfitness to open one; (3) your "total unacquaintance" (what a barbarous word!) with your subject; and (4) your qualification for empty gossip. No sane man or woman will deny a single word of all this. But you should have recognised the natural corollary, to wit, that you had been more profitably employed elsewhere, or, at least, conveniently disposed in the background. Instead of this, you indulged in inept imbecilities about Eve's apple—evidently the only horticultural product within the purview of your mind—and in pompous platitudes about the study and thought required for the construction of cottagers' gardens. Do make haste and enrol yourself as a Nonconformist minister. What an acquisition you would be to Little Bethel! By the way, is there any truth in the rumour that you are to lead the Lords' attack on the Budget? John Bull.

To T. W. Lewis, Esq., Stipendiary Magistrate, Cardiff.

Sir,—The public indignation aroused by your ferocious sentence of six weeks' hard labour on a tram conductor on an accusation of stealing a penny, the price of an alleged duplicated tramway ticket, had not subsided when yet another Corporation employee was charged before you with stealing a bag of corn. I admit that in this case, unlike that of the tram conductor, there was no doubt of his guilt. Indeed, he admitted it, before you. But there was this in common between the two cases. The men had hitherto borne excellent characters, and had been in the service of the Corporation for several years. Acquainting you with this fact, sir, the prosecuting solicitor informed you he was instructed not to press the case. For a humane magistrate—for a magistrate possessed of more heart and less liver—this would have been an opportunity to temper justice with mercy. But you, sir, swept aside all extenuating circumstances, as you did in the case of the tram conductor. You swept out of mind all knowledge of First Offenders' Probation Acts, steeled yourself against the appeal the prisoner made to you for the sake of his wife and children, and sent him to gaol for six weeks' hard labour, to keep the tram conductor company.

Sir, it is not within my power to probe the tortuous labyrinths of your mind or estimate the extent of the disorganising processes at work in your liver. The psychologists are better able to do the one; it is time you called in the doctor to do the other. But it is evident that either the defects of your brain or the disorders of your stomach—possibly both—are affecting you in the just, and merciful, and balanced performance of your duties as the stipendiary of Cardiff. You have now become the focus of a magisterial terrorism which has no real place in justice at all. It punishes an offence, not according to its degree, not according to the circumstances in which it was committed, but in order to terrify others. You make no allowance for temptation, for previous good character, for a long record of service otherwise honestly performed. All your jaundiced eyes can see, sir, is the fact that a man has stolen a penny tram ticket, or a few coppers' worth of corn, and the molehill of momentary wrongdoing becomes a mountain of iniquity.

I tell you, sir, in words as plain as I can use, that a magistrate who sees and judges offences against the law by distorting the judicial perspective in this way is without the primary qualifications of magistracy. There is in the outcry of the Cardiff people against you the strongest evidence that you have forfeited their confidence, and when confidence in a magistrate is shaken he has not only ceased to be of service to the community, but actually does a disservice to them by remaining on the Bench. Get off.

John Bull.

To J. Dawes-White, Esq., Chairman, Shoreditch Board of Guardians.

Sir,—In connection with the Shoreditch Board of Guardians, of which you are the Chairman, I am informed of certain proceedings which ought to put you to shame. Eight candidates for the post of assistant relieving officer were selected by the Board for interview. The eight were eventually reduced to two. One of the two was a highly qualified man, Mr. L. A. Colborne, assistant relieving officer of Westminster; the other a highly unqualified man, Mr. H. L. White, an electrician, and your own son. In the final show of hands your son was elected by your own vote, the record being eight as against seven.

I am amazed, sir, that a man occupying your public position should compromise it by so indecent and so flagrant a job. You have not even the excuse that your son is competent by experience to fill the position to which you have elected him. You have put him on the rates in defiance of the amenities and traditions of public service. In case your son should be confirmed in his post, what would be your position if he so fails in the efficient discharge of his duties that his conduct has to be discussed at subsequent Board meetings? It must be obvious to everybody that your action tends to scandalise public service, and put it under the suspicion that, instead of being undertaken from high motives of duty, it is used for the low motive of jobbery.

John Bull.

A. B. Walkley, Esq., Dramatic Critic, "Times" Office.

Sir,—The Censorship Committee seems to exist for the advertisement of obscure humorists, but your attempts at wit reached the nadir of pitiful drivel even in that assembly of dolts. Your remark that, if the House of Lords were absolutely perfect it would have to go because human nature would not stand it, had neither point, nor humour, nor any sort of cleverness about it. A village idiot would talk in that way if he were called before the Committee. However, I do agree with you that the importance of the drama has been greatly over-rated. Consider how small a proportion of the public are playgoers, and you will appreciate the fact that you waste your life by devoting it to the criticism of plays. You were quite right in saying that the way to decide about a censorship would be to toss up. I wonder whether you arrive at your critical views by a similar method.

John Bull.

Miss Lena Ashwell.

Madame,—I note your remark that music halls entertain people who do not want to think, whereas theatres help people to think. From this I gather that you have something to do with theatres. Otherwise you surely would not have the assurance to suggest that the works of our modern dramatists are capable of provoking any but the dreariest thoughts. On the other hand, I fail to see how you can deny that the dances of Maud Allan and her imitators are very fertile in thoughts of all sorts.

John Bull.

Lieut. Shackleton, All-over-the-place.

So you are to have your £20,000. I still think it a shame that money should be wasted on Antarctic exploration, so long as a single poor man remains unfed at home. Besides, you ought to make enough out of your books and lectures to cover your expenses. Anyhow, I am tired of you, and I did hope that Bleriot, or Latham, or somebody would have elbowed you out by this time.

Bull.

Lord Charles Beresford, Canada.

You will enjoy a little holiday away from other admirals. Try not to set the Dominion by the ears. Above all, don't hurry back. We are getting along all right, thank you.

Bull.

Helen Mathers.

Sorry you are going to retire, for you are one of the few readable novelists of the older generation. Hope to see you coming through the rye once more.

Bull.

Asquith, Downing Street, London.

Notice that in announcing arrangements for rest of year, you did not give date of General Election. Any truth in rumour that you have fixed it for Christmas week?

Bull.

Medical Officer of Health, Southwark.

Note your statement that many immoral houses in your district are owned by charitable institutions. Please be more explicit.

Bull.

Austen Chamberlain, House of Commons.

Congratulations on marked advance in Parliamentary reputation. You will prove worthy chip of old block yet.

Bull.

F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P.

Have observed your silence on land tax portion of Budget. Presume that, like myself, you admit their essential justice?

Bull.

THE CHILDREN ACT—

AND HOW IT *RE*-ACTS.

IN THE CITY.

It is requested that all letters to be answered on the City pages be addressed to the City Editor.

Letters requiring an answer in the next issue must be received not later than Friday.

We shall be obliged to Secretaries of Insurance and other Companies if they will send us their reports when issued, and, from time to time, any other information which may be of public interest.

In no circumstances can we undertake the purchase or sale of shares on behalf of our readers.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH CHEMICAL WORKS, LTD.

A New Process for the Transference of English Money into French Pockets.

Vive L'Entente Cordiale!

The "Entente Cordiale" has been responsible for many things which were hardly contemplated by its originators, and we may fairly assume that it is due to a faith in the efficacy of the magic words "Anglo-French," that the promoters of "The Anglo-French Chemical Works, Limited," have issued the prospectus which is now being advertised far and wide.

The business of the company apparently is the exploitation of a patent for the manufacture of a substitute for white lead. As to the value of the patent, we prefer not to express an opinion—this is rather a matter for a technical expert—but we may remark that no information is given regarding any actual results achieved, and the brilliant dividends fore-shadowed in the prospectus are based upon estimates—and nothing else.

We would further remark that few things have proved more disastrous to investors than the elusive pursuit of a substitute for white lead.

From a prospectus consisting almost entirely of estimates, options and vague reports—unsubstantiated by any concrete facts—it is difficult to extract any definite conclusion. But of one thing we do not think there can be any doubt—that if the British public subscribe the capital asked for—the Anglo-French promoters will make a very good thing out of it.

The Standard Financial Association, Ltd., who seem to be the controlling spirit of the enterprise on this side of the Channel are to receive a commission of 2½ per cent. on the capital subscribed (with the exception of the 20,000 shares taken by the directors), say £1,500.

They are also interested in two other agreements, and in view of the fact that Sir John Campbell and E. Peters are directors of both companies, the connection between the two would appear to be very close.

Messrs. Wohlfarth and Sterkers (not much "Anglo" about these gentlemen), who apparently are to enjoy the appointment of "Commercial Agents" to the company in France, receive 40,000 francs in return for services rendered.

Two other directors are interested in the vendor company to the extent of 47,000 francs, but what the profit to the vendors is does not appear. We venture to assume that it will turn out satisfactory to them at any rate, if not to the shareholders in the Anglo-French Chemical Works.

The board is not one to inspire confidence, even were the undertaking itself less speculative, none of the directors (apart from the connection with the Standard Financial Association referred to above) being known in the City as connected with any substantial enterprises.

Notwithstanding our sympathy for the "Entente Cordiale," we fear we must advise our readers to leave the Anglo-French Chemical Works, Limited, to the "French directors and their friends," who are so impressed with its merits that they have already subscribed for 20,000 shares for which—wonderful to relate—they have actually agreed to pay in full!

JOHN BULL PREFERENCE SHARES.

We shall be glad to hear of any sellers of John Bull Six per cent. Preference shares.

AERO FIRE ALARM COMPANY.

We are now in a position to state that there is not the slightest justification for the recent rumour that a well-known financier is about to take an interest in this concern. The business of the Company appears to be in a very bad way, and the prospect before the shareholders is anything but bright.

ALLEGED ATTEMPT TO EXTORT MONEY THROUGH PUBLICATION IN "JOHN BULL."

Ten days ago we received a letter from a correspondent in Leeds. In this letter the writer invited us to explain why, in answer to a correspondent in our issue of July 24th, who had asked us as to the prospects of the Universal Insurance Company, we replied "The Company is now under sound management." The writer of this letter professed to be anxious to know the real position of the Company, and as its accounts for last year have not been published, he wanted to know whether we had "exclusive information proving the Company to have developed financial soundness subsequent to the control of the present management." We have no exception to take to the tone of the letter, and it dealt with points which it was quite proper for a correspondent to discuss, and for John Bull to be asked to say something upon. The letter was received by us too late to be answered in our issue of August 14, and in the ordinary course the answer would appear—as in fact it did—in that of August 21. A few hours after the receipt of the letter, we had a visit from one of the Solicitors of the Company, who had come down especially from Leeds to see us upon the matter. He told us that we should be receiving a letter from the person to whom we have referred above, and gave us the substance of it. Our visitor, whose official relation to the Universal Insurance Company entitled his opinion upon its position to the respect due to authoritative statement, went through the criticisms of the letter with us *seriatim*, and the result of our conversation will be found in the answer in our issue of August 21. Here, in ordinary circumstances, the matter would have ended. The inquirer would have had his reply, other readers concerned would have been made acquainted with facts in which they were interested, and there would have been no more to be said. But on August 7th we received a letter from Messrs. Simpson, Thomas and Curtis, of City Chambers, East Parade, Leeds, the Solicitors to the Company, in which they write:—

> Following upon Mr. Simpson's interview with you yesterday, it appears that Mr. —— (the person in question) and Mr.—— sought an interview with Mr. Craven, the representative of the Insurance Company, which interview was held at the Hotel Metropole, Leeds, yesterday afternoon and we enclose herewith copy of letter written by Mr. Craven to Mr. Kinder, one of the Directors of the Company, reporting the interview.

In Mr. Craven's letter to Mr. Alderman Kinder the following passage occurs:—

> I met —— with —— at 3 o'clock to-day, and, shortly, this is what took place.
>
> I told —— that seeing he was neither a policyholder nor a shareholder it was a mystery to me why he should trouble himself about the Universal, and asked him if he could explain to me the meaning of it. He stated that he had been waiting for a considerable time to obtain a balance-sheet for 1908, in order that he might make his attack with the latest figures before him. He gives as his reason that he has a personal grievance against you, and is only trying to get at you through the Universal.
>
> I then asked him what was the object of the meeting, and he said that he had arranged with —— that if we would pay them £25, to be divided equally between them, he would give us his word of honour that he would cease attacking the Universal Company, either directly or indirectly, and would wire the Proprietors of John Bull not to publish a letter which he asserts was posted to them on Saturday morning last.

It seems clear that the person indicated has committed an offence under section 3 of Lord Campbell's Act 6 and 7 Victoria, ch. 96, seeing that he has threatened to publish, or to abstain from publishing, or offered to prevent publication within the meaning of that section. It is not necessary for the matter in question to be libellous, the intent to extort money is the gist of the offence.

BANKS AND THEIR CUSTOMERS.

Referring to our recent remarks upon the loss sustained by traders owing to the disappearance of the private bank, a correspondent directs our attention to the report of the proceedings at the meeting of the creditors of Bean and Sons, Drapers, of Parliament Street, York, and Newborough, Scarborough. "The chief discussion," says the report—we quote from the *Drapers' Record*—"centred upon the action of the bankers, who recently withdrew their support. It is said that during the last few years no fewer than thirty houses in various parts of the country

...ave found themselves in difficulties owing to the fact ... the private banks with which they kept their accounts ...d been taken over by the big joint stock companies, the ...anagers of which immediately commenced to reduce ... banks, acting under instructions from headquarters."

RUBBER EXPLORATIONS.

There is no ground for the statement which recently ...ared in a contemporary, to the effect that the market for ... shares had suddenly dried up. Quotations are freely ...ainable for lots of a thousand each, but owing to a dis... between certain dealers, the price was purposely ...ered. There are important developments pending.

MAYBLOSSOM MINING COMPANY.

In reference to a reply which appeared in our issue on July 31st, in regard to this Company, we have made further ...iries, with the result that we strongly advise our readers ...give the shares a very wide berth. They are quite ...rthless.

Can any of our readers give us information as to the Trade Reference Bureau, of 64, Basinghall Street, E.C., which undertakes to provide "trade references in reasonable number from time to time for twelve months as required," the subscription per annum being half a guinea?

Have any of our readers had any transactions with Mr. W. H. Warn, aural specialist, 563, Stretford Road, Old Trafford, Manchester?

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

The North Charterland Exploration Company.—M. P. (Hackney).—We should not advise the purchase.

The Taff Vale Stock.—Speculator (Watlington).—We should hold. We think it quite likely there will be improvements in the quotation before long. H. M. (Watlington).—We should hold it

London United Tramways.—Subscriber (Farnboro').—We know of nothing likely to put them up in the near future.

Barrow's Bank.—Ernest (Diss).—Yes.

Outside Brokers.—G. H. (Liverpool).—Better have nothing to do with them. A. W. W. (Bayswater).—Ditto. B. S. (Belfast).—You would be very foolish to send any money to the people you name.

T. A. Hardy and Company.—A. C. (Shirley).—We have no information regarding them.

Birkbeck Bank.—C. F. (Fulham).—Yes, we think it quite safe.

Mangana Gold Reefs, Limited.—J. P. (Bath).—The company was registered in 1906, and is a reconstruction of a company of similar name registered ten years earlier. It acquired the New Sovereign Gold Mine at Zeehan, Tasmania, and work is said to be in progress.

Lipton's Bank.—Walmet (Glasgow).—It has, of course, the assets of the company behind it.

Bank of Liverpool.—H. T. (Barrow-in-Furness).—Yes, certainly.

Salvation Army.—J. T. (Halifax).—The accounts are published yearly.

Thorerom Company, Limited.—C. M. (Barnet).—It is difficult to see what you can do in the matter. An English company certainly ought not to hold its meetings in Zurich, but the position of the company is in some ways peculiar. We suggest your taking the opinion of a good company lawyer on it.

Safe Investment.—Bequille (Tooting).—Your mother might safely put her £750 into the £10 preference shares of the Mortgage and Debenture Company. It and its predecessor, the Farmland Mortgage and Debenture Company, have now been in existence over twenty years, and during that time the preference dividend has been regularly paid, as well as 10 per cent. on the ordinary shares, besides accumulating a reserve fund of nearly £99,000. Two years ago the company began to pay a bonus both on the preference and ordinary shareholders, which is likely to be continued. The present price of the £10 preference shares is 9½, and, on the basis of a 5 per cent. dividend, a yield of £5 16s. 5d. is forthcoming.

Premium Bonds.—H. C. (Wolverhampton).—Apply to Messrs. N. Keizer and Co., of 23, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

Three Shares.—Printers' Pie (Bagshot).—(1) Of the three shares you name, we should chose Lipton's. (2) Do not touch the mining shares you name.

The East Tilbury (Canada) Oil Fields.—Investor (Glasgow).—We should be surprised if the 20 per cent. distribution came about. We do not think it is a company suitable for "hard-earned savings."

Whitehaven Bank.—C. N. (Finsbury Park).—We are under the impression that this so-called "Bank" is in liquidation.

Sound Investment.—R. A. B.—You could hardly do better than buy some shares in Howard and Bullough. In its present form the company dates back to 1864, when it took over the business of a private company of the same name. The £10 preference shares are now quoted at a trifle over 13, which price a yield of £4 11s. 5d. is forthcoming. On last year's figures the dividend, which calls for £15,000, was covered nearly 19 times over, as there was a margin of £268,000 behind it

British Equitable Bond and Mortgage Corporation.—R. H. I. (Birkenhead).—The answer is in the negative. J. C. (Leeds).—We should be inclined to take the cash.

Patent Folding Shed.—Searchlight (Swansea).—We regret that we cannot be of assistance to you in the matter of your invention.

Safe Deposit.—J. C. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—So far as we know, the concern is quite safe, but it is difficult to get at the exact position. We should prefer a company with larger reserves, even though the interest is less.

Penny Shares.—B. O. W. (Broadstairs).—They are all very speculative.

National Cost Register.—E. J. E. (Chelsea).—We can only give you the advice we have given so many others, namely, to await the result of one or two test actions to be tried immediately after the Long Vacation.

Scent Preparation.—J. W. S. (Stepney).—We regret we cannot help you in the matter.

Six per Cent.—C. P. (Dover).—You might buy the Five per Cent. Cumulative First Preference Stock of the Cordoba Central Railway, which at the present price would give you a yield of a trifle over 6 per cent., or John Bull Six per Cent. Pref's.

Neath Harbour.—W. W. S. (Shrewsbury).—On an issue of £370,000 five per cent. mortgage debentures interest fell into arrear in 1835, and it was not until 1901 that a plan for the settlement of the debt was effected. By the Neath Harbour Act of 1901 an issue of £37,000 of mortgage debenture stock of £10 each was created to replace the above-mentioned. They carry fixed interest at 2½ per cent., and are repayable in 1921. The action of the company in your friend's case was quite regular. We return your papers.

Nippon Yusen Kaisha Company.—D. S. (Oxford).—We have your letter, but you will understand that we cannot act upon it without ample evidence to support the very serious charges you make in connection with one of the ships of the line, in which you were recently a passenger from Singapore. If you send us this evidence we will consider it.

The New Wheal Eliza Consols.—L. W. B. (Walton).—We should sell. The shares of the Industries Conversion and Finance Corporation, Limited, do not seem to us attractive, and as to the China Clay property, we should leave it to the Industries Conversion and Finance Company, Limited

The Rose of Sharon and Shamrock Gold Mines, Limited.—W. P. (Barton Joyce).—The latest information we have relates to the accounts for the year to December 31, 1907, which were submitted on July 25, 1908, and showed cash £828; loan, £500; creditors, £81.

Palace Restaurants Company, Limited.—J. S. (New Malden).—(1) It seems to us that, seeing that the *corpus* of the company has gone, there is nothing for it but liquidation. (2) Have nothing to do with the other concerns you name.

Capital and Counties Bank.—H. T. (Dover).—We do not think there is likely to be much improvement immediately, but we should not sell. They will improve again by and bye. The only objection to those bank shares—perhaps not a very serious one as things stand—is the heavy uncalled liability, in this case of £40 per share.

Two Shares.—T. B. (Hendon).—There is no quotation for either share, and if your friend is able to sell them, we advise him to do so.

London and Paris Exchange.—Bert (Tenby).—You would rank as an ordinary creditor only.

London Electrobus Company.—A Constant Reader (South Ealing).—We should be disinclined to risk more money. We return your papers.

Transfer of Mortgage.—Mortgage (Gunnersbury).—We think the charge named by the Hearts of Oak Building Society not unreasonable. Transactions of the kind run into money.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

The British Enterprise Insurance Company.—Query (*Leicester*).—We know of no reason why you should not take an agency (whole time) for this company.

Bank Managers as Assurance Agents.—Fair Play (Dover).—You have a genuine grievance, but you are helpless. We are inclined to agree that it is better for bank managers not to accept agencies of insurance companies.

The British and Irish Cattle Corporation, Limited.—J. C. (Glasgow).—We cannot recommend it. We return your papers.

British Mutual Assurance Company.—W. J. L. (Dublin).—The company was formed last year with an authorised share and bond capital of £50,000.

Majestic Insurance Company.—E. R.—We cannot recommend you to do so.

Unity Insurance Company, Limited.—W. H. (Liverpool).—We can add nothing to the information contained in the documents you send us.

The "Ideal" Policy.—F. G. (Birmingham).—It is issued by the British Homes Assurance Corporation, of 6, Paul Street, E.C.

Leasehold Insurances.—M. N. (Lincoln).—A surrender value is allowed of 92½ per cent. of premiums paid after the first, plus 3 per cent. compound interest. In the case of single premium policies, the surrender value allowed is 92½ per cent. of premiums, plus 3 per cent.

English and Scottish Law Society.—Casam (Birmingham).—We consider the offer of the society a very fair one, and we do not think you could better it elsewhere.

Law Accident Insurance Society, Limited.—H. C. (Wolverhampton).—The answer is in the negative.

Value of Policy.—Invicta.—You must send us particulars, if we are to answer your question.

County Live Stock Insurance Association.—D. J. (Leeds).—It is a small concern established in 1896.

United Provident Assurance Company.—Evan Turner (Durham).—The company has an authorised capital of £100,000, and possesses total assets of nearly £110,000. It issues various kinds of policies at weekly, monthly, or yearly premiums. A special privilege granted by this company to policy-holders of 18 and over is that, if they have the misfortune to lose, by accident, the sight of both eyes or two limbs, either both legs or arms, or one leg and one arm, the full sum assured will immediately be paid by the company. And a very attractive policy is issued for children.

National Penny Bank.—Constant Reader (London).—Quite safe.

Provident Association of London.—H. M. (Harringay).—(1) We have no doubt whatever that the company will be able to carry out all its engagements. It is financially very strong. (2) We cannot recommend the gas shares.

Australian Mutual Provident Society.—J. L. R. (Birmingham).—It is an office of high standing. The cash allotment to policy-holders for the one year, 1907, exceeded £700,000, and represented a return of 36.1 per cent. of the premiums received during the period. Its financial position is very strong. "Insurer" (Glasgow).—(1) For a 25 years' endowment assurance, taken out at age 25, the Australian Mutual Provident Society charges £3 15s. 1d. per £100, the Legal and General £3 18s. 4d., and the Scottish Amicable £3 19s. 5d., so that for a premium of £10 per annum the A.M.P. would issue a policy for £266, the L. and G. £255, and the S.A. £252. According to Mr. James Wilkie's "Vade Mecum," it appears that the estimated amount of policy and bonuses at end of term—assuming future bonuses be at the same rate as last declared—is in the case of the L. and G. £401, and in the case of the S.A. £385. The corresponding figures for the A.M.P. are not there given, but, judging from the specimen policies recently matured, they should be about £400, so that with a larger cover during the term the A.M.P. figures would appear to be the best. (2) The income-tax allowance, in respect of life assurance premiums paid to Colonial offices, is exactly the same as in the case of similar payments to home offices. (3) The position and standing of the A.M.P. Society are beyond question, and its policy conditions, surrender values, etc., are extremely liberal. The A.M.P.'s surrender values appear to be much higher than those of the Scottish Amicable, but we have not been able to compare them with the Legal and General's figures as published in Stone and Cox's or Bourne's tables.

Progressive Assurance Company.—A. J. B (Leicester).—We are afraid that you will have no chance of recovering any money from the Progressive in respect of premiums paid, inasmuch as their policies do not carry surrender value, and as the policies have not been transferred to the National Standard, they cannot, of course, now deal with them, nor can they give any advice in the matter. Perhaps it would be well for you to apply to the Progressive Assurance Company, which is now under the management of the Receiver.

Royal Exchange Assurance Company.—E. L. C. (Lincoln).—It is one of the greatest of assurance companies.

Tontine Insurance.—W. H. (Glasgow).—The inventor of this scheme of gambling on human lives was one Lorenzo Tonti, a Neapolitan banker, some time confidential secretary to Cardinal Mazarin. Tonti first proposed the plan to Mazarin in 1656. Some forty years ago H. B. Hyde, who controlled the Equitable Society of New York, introduced Tontine insurance in the United States. If you died before the end of the Tontine period your beneficiaries received the face value of the policy, and no more; if you lapsed you got no dividends, or surrender value. If you lived to the end of the Tontine period and regularly paid your premiums, you got your own dividends and your share of (a) the dividends of those who had died, and (b) the dividends and surrender values, or reserves, of those who had lapsed—all accumulated at compound interest. You played for an indefinite stake. It was a rotten system.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

DYING—NOT DRUNK.

We have received a visit from Mr. William George Labrum, an engineer, residing at 45, Warner Road, Camberwell. Mr. Labrum complains of the action of the police towards his wife and himself upon the night of August 3rd, and the facts he puts before us display the conduct of the police in a most odious light. We commend them to the very grave consideration of the Chief Commissioner.

The facts are these. On the afternoon of the Bank Holiday, August 2nd, Mr. Labrum went with his wife to the Tooting Cemetery to visit their child's grave. They remained there some two hours. On their return homewards they called on a friend, and on their way from this friend's house, between 12 and 12.30 a.m., in crossing Denmark Hill, Mrs. Labrum, whose hand was on her husband's arm, suddenly complained of feeling faint, lost her hold of her husband, and fell to the ground, striking her head on the kerbstone, which rendered her unconscious. A policeman was standing by and advised a cab. On its arrival, Mr. Labrum tried to lift his wife into it, and as he was doing so, two policemen appeared on the scene, seized hold of him, and took him forcibly to the police station. The state of mind of Mr. Labrum will be understood. His wife was lying on the road unconscious, and he, instead of being there to help her, was hurried to a police cell, and charged with being drunk and disorderly! When he got there he appealed to the officer in charge to let him out on bail. It was refused. He appealed to the officer to send for a doctor to look to his wife, saying that he had money in his pocket wherewith to pay the doctor's fee. It was refused. Next morning he was charged before Mr. Chapman at Lambeth Police Court with being drunk and disorderly. There were policemen galore to swear to it, and he was fined 5s. and costs.

We left Mrs. Labrum lying on the road unconscious. She, too, was taken by the police to the station, and charged with being drunk. In the morning her husband was told by one of the police there that she was still drunk, and had been taken to the infirmary. As a matter of fact she got to the infirmary, still unconscious, at 10.58 on the morning of the 3rd. There she remained in the same unconscious state for a week, when she died. At the inquest held by Mr. G. P. Wyatt, Police Constable Baker said that he examined Mrs. Labrum and found that she was drunk. Asked by the Coroner how he discovered it, he replied that "she smelt strongly." "That," said the Coroner, "is no proof." The constable went on to say that "the husband wanted to fetch a cab, but I said 'I cannot allow that. You are drunk, too.'" Asked by the Coroner why he said that, the constable replied that "he thought Mr. Labrum was drunk by the way he carried on" ("carried on" that is to say, when, with a wife lying unconscious, he was hurried by police to the police station). Asked whether a doctor was sent for, the constable said "No." Asked why, he answered, "She did not ask for one," which we can believe, seeing that she was unconscious. Asked what the husband said, the constable replied, "Nothing," a statement which the husband characterises as a lie. Police-Sergeant Curtis deposed that at 25 minutes past 7 o'clock on the morning of the 3rd—*i.e.*, when Mrs. Labrum had been unconscious in the cell about seven hours, he visited her and "thought she was not making as much progress as drunks do," so he sent for the divisional surgeon. At 10 o'clock she was worse, and the doctor ordered her to the infirmary. In his evidence, Dr. Keats, Medical Officer at Camberwell Infirmary, said that he received Mrs. Labrum in a dying state. "She died from syncope and coma, consequent upon hæmorrhage in the brain, due to a fractured skull. The injury was consistent with a fall." The jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death, adding there was no proof that the deceased was intoxicated at the time.

Such is the story as told upon evidence that is irrefutable. A decent artisan, a man who has never at any time of his life had anything to do with the police, and his wife, a woman of spotless character, are coming home arm in arm, when the wife, who was subject to fainting fits, falls and receives a dangerous wound by her head coming into contact with the kerbstone. The husband does what any decent man would do, sends for a cab to get his wife to the hospital. The cab comes—and so do the police. They rush upon the man and say he is drunk, lock him up, charge him next morning, support their charge by perjured evidence, and get him fined 5s. Nor had the Camberwell Police any difficulty in satisfying themselves that the unconscious wife was drunk. They lay her by the heels, and take her to the station, refuse to let a doctor see her, although she is still unconscious, and keep her there for nine hours, when it occurs to one of them that she is not getting clear of the drink as quickly as "drunks usually do," and so he sends her to the infirmary, where she dies.

The funeral was held last Saturday week. The people of Camberwell, the poor people, that is the labouring folk, had heard of the case, and knew the facts, and showed their sympathy by lining the roads as the bier passed on to its last resting place. Really a tale of this kind makes the blood boil.

THE FARCE OF QUARTER SESSIONS.

A Kentish reader sends us the following:—

"*Scene in Kent a week ago*: Quarter Sessions fixed for Friday at 11 o'clock, the usual day and hour for the meeting of the local magistrates. Everything and everybody for such business is informed that the Quarter Sessions will be taken first. *Locus:* A small Police Court. 11 o'clock, no Recorder! The Clerk of the Peace, at a salary of £80 per year, in wig and gown, calls the Grand Jury. Twelve or more busy tradesmen answer to their names. Twelve more Petty Jury do likewise! Enter Recorder, says it was through his train being late (he should have started earlier), accompanied by the Mayor in red robe and wearing chain of office, and half a dozen J.P.'s. Printed calendars galore on Bench and every available spot on which to rest one. They inform you there are two prisoners, boys of 17 with indictments against them in all the legal verbiage which can be conceived. *Actual crime:* Cold, wet and hungry, they "broke" into a milk shop at ten o'clock at night, "borrowed" a poker, and stole 5s. 10½d. Manager came back for his umbrella, catches them, and they confess. The local Bench, of course, commit to Quarter Sessions—no other power. The learned Recorder addresses the Grand Jury, who troop in three minutes later with a true bill! Two well-known counsel enter the Court, bow to the Recorder, and look smilingly at their briefs marked with sundry guineas. Prisoners plead guilty and hand in written statements seriously and solemnly perused by the learned Recorder, the Mayor and magistrates! Two police officials from the Midlands (mark the expense!) tender evidence of the prisoners' previous idle life (age 17) and petty larcenies. Sentences, one six weeks, the other seven. Enter the County Treasurer from Maidstone to pay counsel and witnesses. Exit the Recorder and Clerk of the Peace, having "earned" £20 each. Well over in 25 minutes, but at what cost! Solicitors and other business men are then enabled to proceed with their work before the local Bench. This is the sort of performance that goes on in many towns four times a year. Sometimes, of course, there are no prisoners, but jurymen are summoned notwithstanding. The sooner Quarter Sessions are abolished the better!"

There is much force in some of our correspondent's comments.

LEGAL ANSWERS

Land Tax.—J. C. (Grays).—He cannot compel the landlord to allow the arrears of tax that he has not deducted.

Copy of Will.—Celt.—You should write to the Probate Registry, Somerset House, London, and give names and dates, and they will inform you how much a copy of the will would cost, and they will supply it on payment. You can personally read the will there for a small fee.

Registration of Trade Name.—Cole.—It is not compulsory to register a name for a proprietary article. We cannot state the cost of registration.

Birth Certificate.—Grimbarian.—Apply to the Registrar-General, and send 3s. 7d., and he will send you a copy of certificate. We should think that you could not be successfully proceeded against under the agreement. If there is no limit of time, it is probably illegal.

Mortgaged Property.—E. M. J.—You appear to have been paying the interest voluntarily, and you are under no obligation to continue it. The mortgagee can sell, but he cannot hold you liable for the interest. You can end the existing arrangement at any time.

Tithe Redemption.—M. G.—There is no principle at stake, and you must pay the share of redemption money or you will be liable to continue to pay the tithe.

Action of Trustee.—I. A. G. O.—The answer to your question must depend upon whether the trustee is barred by the conditions of the trust from doing what he is doing. If not and he makes no secret of it, he is within his right.

Status of Estate.—J. W. (Liverpool).—As we understand your letter, your friend never became bankrupt, and consequently is not hampered by the conditions which affect creditors who are undischarged bankrupts.

Recovery of Loan.—Rex (West Hartlepool).—You have allowed your security, *i.e.*, the furniture, to slip out of your hands, and now all you can do is to sue in the ordinary way in the County Court.

Commission Advances.—W. E. S. (Twickenham).—Everything depends upon the terms on which the money was advanced. Was there nothing said of repayment in the event of no business done.

Payment for Work.—J. B.—It all depends upon whether your customer had reasonable cause of complaint as to the length of time taken to do the work. You would, of course, be responsible for any printing you may have ordered.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE

£242,190 PAID TO CLIENTS • RESERVE FUND £30,000.

SEVERAL MORE CHEQUES RECENTLY PAID AWAY.

Initials:	Amount. £ s. d.	Initials:	Amount. £ s. d.	Initials:	Amount. £ s. d.	Initials:	Amount. £ s. d.
A.B.W.	25 0 0	S.G.F.	100 0 0	W.S.J.	102 0 0	R.E.N.	60 0 0
W.W.T.	30 0 0	T.D.M.	75 0 0	E.W.C.	291 15 0	H.H.	280 0 0
W.I.M.	30 0 0	G.H.G.	131 0 0	F.W.C.	60 0 0	J.L.	31 0 0
H.H.	38 19 0	H.O.P.	37 0 0	J.J.W.	136 5 0	N.R.G.	55 0 0
H.H.	43 0 0	S.F.G.	100 0 0	C.L.	50 0 0	G.N.F.	50 0 0
A.Z.	45 0 0	G.H.G.	71 5 0	Miss M.E.A.	40 0 0	L.M.N.	45 0 0
W.W.T.	39 0 0	S.F.G.	69 0 0	W.D.C.	36 5 0	S.M.I.	40 0 0
T.C.	40 0 0	B.H.	30 0 0	F.G.S.	50 0 0	A.K.S.	61 17 6
S.P.	51 5 0	O.N.L.	33 3 9	S.A.R.	60 0 0	J.H.C.	32 10 0
W.T.	34 0 0	F.S.G.	49 0 0	E.L.D.	40 0 3	F.R.	92 10 0
A.B.P.	40 0 0	G.H.G.	75 12 6	Miss M.A.	93 10 0	A.L.S.E.	74 17 0
J.A.W.	47 9 6	T.W.P.	100 0 0	N.O.R.	145 0 0	Capt. A.E.T.	39 16 0
W.T.	86 0 0	P.L.E.	330 0 0	S.A.K.	61 10 0	R.W.E.	46 3 0
W.A.	47 0 0	B.H.	10 0 0	G.R.R.	125 0 0	O.A.D.	56 18 6
W.D.	50 12 6	H.H.	24 9 8	S.M.O.	100 0 0	Miss R.L.	61 14 9
C.E.J.	36 5 0	B.H.	30 0 0	N.S.F.	75 0 0	N.S.F.	40 0 0
E.H.	52 10 0	J.W.	52 0 0	V.F.R.	64 0 0	J.H.K.	39 5 0
T.S.D.	60 0 9	G.H.G.	32 10 0	J.J.C.	160 0 0	F.W.M.	77 5 0
C.P.	36 10 0	J.W.	30 0 0	Mrs. E.M.S.	30 0 0	W.F.W.	33 10 0
H.N.	31 18 4	L.P.E.	52 10 0	G.H.A.	12 0 0	S.L.D.	35 0 0
F.G.	65 0 0	F.F.	38 12 9	Mrs. E.L.	131 2 4	S.A.R.	59 6 9
H.J.P.	64 0 6	Mrs. S.	32 0 0	G.W.	41 12 5	H.H.R.	175 10 0
L.T.D.	37 0 0	J.D.	40 0 0	G.S.M.	30 17 6	Mrs. J.K.H.	30 0 0
W.W.T.	72 0 0	H.H.	37 10 0	M.J.G.	60 0 0	W.J.G.	36 0 0
G.S.F.	30 0 0	G.H.G.	54 19 0	W.D.C.	18 8 9	J.L.	31 0 0
R.M.	30 0 0	L.M.N.	56 2 0	T.M.S.	67 12 3	R.S.F.	67 10 0
T.S.D.	30 0 0	G.F.G.	50 0 0	A.C.F.	30 0 0	J.H.K.	38 10 0
A.J.	75 0 0	Mrs. A. E.	33 0 0	C.S.	48 0 0	S.R.O.	75 0 0
S.H.	47 10 0	A.B.	63 0 0	Mrs. F.H.H.	35 11 8	D.F.S.	46 0 0
W.W.T.	35 17 8	W.H.	30 0 0	S.E.R.	49 0 0	W.P.C.	49 0 0
H.J.T.	31 5 6	V.A.F.	30 0 0	F.S.S.	40 0 0	F.N.R.	62 10 0
A.S.R.	67 10 0	G.R.L.	100 0 0	J.C.	36 0 0	E.M.K.	48 0 0
J.A.W.	39 10 4	G.H.E.	50 0 0	H.A.C.	62 4 0	L.H.	30 0 0
L.F.D.	51 8 7	H.T.C.	30 0 0	C.A.C.	60 0 0	J.D.	165 0 0
C.S.	32 12 3	J.J.C.	48 15 0	W.T.G.	48 0 0	J.P.	32 10 0
W.B.	40 0 0	F.G.J.	36 7 6	T.L.M.	30 0 0	Miss E.L.	84 10 0
J.F.W.	40 0 0	W.A.P.	34 10 0	V.E.N.	39 0 0	S.W.	41 16 0
D.R.	30 0 0	C.S.	147 15 4	C.G.K.	35 0 0	E.R.P.	96 0 0
J.F.	36 0 0	G.H.G.	95 0 0	D.C.	30 0 0	L.T.D.	60 0 0
C.F.P.	104 14 0	M.O.G.	35 6 2	S.G.R.	30 0 0	E.L.F.	54 15 0
W.H.	36 0 0	F.J.B.	216 0 0	S.J.M.	32 0 0	R.O.S.	50 0 0
G.H.H.	245 0 0	J.L.	60 0 0	Mrs. E.M.S.	78 0 0	G.H.G.	52 10 0
Lady M.	40 0 0	J.J.E.	30 0 0	A.F.	31 0 0	W.A.H.	32 0 0
G.H.G.	51 17 0	G.F.S.	70 0 0	J.L.	33 0 0	W.S.	30 0 0
W.D.C.	40 17 0	M.J.D.	32 10 0	R.W.L.	52 0 0	R.E.F.	45 0 0
C.S.B.	43 15 0	A.C.L.	30 0 0	Mrs. K.H.	31 1 6	C.J.W.	56 7 6
G.H.G.	46 5 0	J.L.	38 0 0	J.M.	34 4 4	E.R.B.	50 0 0
F.S.G.	60 0 0	F.S.G.	100 0 0	W.H.P.	39 5 0	A.U.	59 0 0
Miss E.	100 0 0	A.C.L.	31 15 0	D.S.	60 10 0	J.S.	30 0 0
L.D.T.	30 0 0	A.B.	40 0 0	R.R.W.	33 15 0	S.W.	31 10 0
G.H.L.	65 0 0	J.W.	75 19 6	J.W.	31 3 10	S.N.H.	40 0 0
J.W.P.	36 0 0	F.J.B.	108 10 0	J.M.C.	256 7 0	J.S.	55 10 0
S.G.	30 0 0	J.J.C.	33 15 0	Miss C.D.F.	32 0 0	O.R.G.	48 0 0
G.F.E.	75 0 0	S.M.H.	50 0 0	Mrs. S.M.H.	31 17 0	T.S.M.	130 0 0
D.S.E.	41 5 0	J.J.K.	75 0 0	A.F.M.	32 10 0	M.G.	35 16 0
G.S.F.	35 0 0	A.S.M.	49 10 0	Mrs. M.A.S.	32 10 0	E.J.W.	37 10 0
M.N.O.	40 0 0	N.O.R.	60 0 0	W.H.	38 15 0	W.H.	44 0 0

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KITCHENER'S AND FRENCH'S NEW TASK.

By Fusilier.

We have always spoken of the "Imperial" Forces as distinguished from the "Colonial" Forces. Following Lord Kitchener's and Sir John French's examination of the local militia and other troops of our great daughter States, the distinctive appellations will cease to exist, in favour of the designation, "Imperial Army," an organisation which will embrace the whole, irrespective of the origin of the parts. And those parts will be made interchangeable. Officers, whether serving with Canadian or Australian defence forces, or in any other of the local corps maintained by our self-governing as well as Crown colonies, will be put on an equality with British officers, and made interchangeable with them in all the duties which they may be required to perform for the service of the Empire. To make such a system possible, two military academies on the pattern of the famous Kingston (Ontario) institution will be established at Sydney and Capetown. A beginning has already been made in this direction in Australia, where in Sydney a Chair of Military Science has been formed at Sydney University, to which a Staff College officer possessed of much ability and colonial experience has been appointed. Lord Kitchener and General French will also devise means by which, not only officers, but complete units of the Imperial Army will exchange garrisons with a view to bringing home and colonial soldiers into personal contact. Thus a battery of Artillery from Esquimault, Halifax, or Durban, will change places with a battery from Plymouth or Woolwich.

It was urged by some members of the Imperial Conference that there would be a difficulty as regards the financial question, owing to different rates of pay. But on the other hand, Sir Frederick Borden, as the writer happens to know, made it clear that this difficulty is less real than they imagine. He quoted to the Conference the instance of the transfer of the Imperial Garrison Regiment Battalion to the Dominion, when for several months Canadian units were serving alongside Imperial units under different rates of pay, and yet there was no friction whatever. It is just a question of accounting. The War Office could pay a battery of Australians or Canadian Artillery serving, say at Cork, and send the bill to Melbourne or Ottawa, and equally the expenses of a battery from England serving in Australia or the Dominion, could be defrayed by the Colonial Government and the amount adjusted by the War Office afterwards. Sir John French will devote especial attention to the railway system of the Dominion, in reference to devising a scheme for the rapid concentration of troops on the Atlantic or Pacific seaboards. He has nominated Major Paley of the Rifle Brigade for the appointment—new for Canada—of Director of Mobilisation, and the selection has been approved by the Minister of Militia. Major Paley, who will hold the local rank of Colonel, has been for some years past regarded as an expert upon the mobilisation arrangements of the European Great Military Powers, a subject which at Whitehall, and previously at Pall Mall, was his particular study as a staff officer. In Australia, the conqueror of the Soudan will find himself dealing with men whom he has already conceived a very high respect for. A few months ago, speaking at Simla to an officer now in England, "K. of K." said that the well-to-do, comfortable existence which all men worth anything enjoy in Australia, seems to resuscitate the old yeoman spirit and self-consciousness of power which made the English of the middle ages so formidable. Better circumstances bring out the old fighting strain in the blood and makes the man instinctively turn towards soldiering, and that most laudable ambition to be ready to attack an invader. Such are Lord Kitchener's opinions of the Australian, and holding such views, it ought not be difficult for our great military organiser to form an efficient Army for the Southern Commonwealth.

Finally, Viscount Kitchener as Inspector-General of the Oversea or Colonial wing of the Imperial Army, will act as President of an Advisory Council of War, numbering eight members. The constitution of this body will be found to be a startling departure from War Office traditions, composed as it will be of a governor of a Crown colony who has displayed an especial aptitude in the raising and organisation of colonial forces, a Premier of a newly-acquired colony, and some half-dozen colonial commandant-generals and chiefs of staff.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See Page iii of Cover.

". . . . . and I find that the smoking of a pipe of

CHAIRMAN

teaches a philosophy that is well worth knowing. Its fine qualities have a pleasing and soothing effect, minimising the little troubles and difficulties of life. It never obtrudes and it never palls, but week in and week out is the one tobacco that gives to most men the greatest pleasure in smoking—a pleasure which only the right tobacco for their palate can give. It is cool—always cool—and burns evenly to the last shred with a rich and pleasing aroma. . . . . "

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the same, but fuller flavoured.

Most tobacconists sell them at 6d. per oz. in 1 and 2 oz. packets, and ¼ and ½ lb. tins.

R. J. LEA, Manchester.

Y4

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—LVIII.

(A struggling governess appeals for a holiday.)

We have received the following:—

It is over a year ago since I wrote you concerning the off-hand treatment meted out to me by the editor of the *Daily Mail* over certain letters received by him for my benefit.

I have, however, gone on with my work without the "rest" I needed then so much, but I am sorry to say the latter part of last winter proved very hard indeed for me; a governess has an appearance to keep up, and I went short of food, not to mention the medicines I had to have to keep me going. Then my mother's health gave way, and the doctor said she must give up teaching, so I was forced to take her place. I have now for months been doing, practically single-handed, the work of her private school, teaching children all ages and sizes—to keep a home together—the strain has again seriously injured my nerves.

The doctor (who attends to me gratis), together with his partner (the latter always has a current number of JOHN BULL on his waiting room table), say that I want a rest and change these holidays to enable me to go ahead for the battle of winter. I have tried so hard to go on without asking anyone to aid me, but when I look at my poor mother and know that it is so important that I should preserve my health for her sake, and get a "rest," I have taken up my pen to ask you if you think any readers of JOHN BULL would know of any place where I could get a holiday gratis?

I can give references, doctors and clergyman, etc. I enclose my photo as you may like to see one of your most interested readers of JOHN BULL; I am also going to join the League presently.

Please, JOHN BULL, don't think I am used to wanting things gratis, no one likes to be able to pay up more than I, but when one gets "hipped" by ill health, and a battle to live—well one has to pocket pride!!

With further reference to Human Document No. LVI., we have to acknowledge the receipt of further postal orders: 5s. from Delegite Justitians Qui Judicatis Terrans," 1s. from "Winchester"; 5s. from W. D. (Cranbrook); 2s. 6d. from W. M. (Seaford); 2s. 6d. from B. E. C. (Wimbledon); 1s. from J. N. (Inverness-shire); 5s. from Miss K.; 3s. from Mrs. H. (Sutton); 21s. from "Eastcheap"; 20s. from W. R. F.; £2 from "C" (London); all of which we have forwarded to the writer of the above.

DAVID DRAGE AND SONS.

[The Holborn furniture firm reads us a lecture on the duty of the Press.]

A reader of this journal recently wrote for our advice respecting a transaction he had entered into with David Drage and Sons, "High-Class Furnishers," of High Holborn. Apparently, David Drage and Sons are not only high-class furnishers, carrying on business in High Holborn; they are high-handed as well. In accordance with our custom, we sought an explanation, and this is what we got for our trouble:—

The liberty of the Press is the root of true democracy, and as such it should be esteemed and supported by all true lovers of liberty; JOHN BULL, by its constant meddling in the trivial affairs of private individuals—affairs that are absolutely devoid of any public importance—prostitutes a noble profession and a great heritage. Such policy as yours is the outcome of unbridled licence and not of liberty. We are afraid our reply will sound commonplace after this eloquent epistle. It is simply this: Have the firm delivered that cabinet for which our correspondent holds their receipt, or have they not?

BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETINGS.

August 29th. RT. HON. GEORGE WYNDHAM.

Though modest, on his unembarrassed brow
Nature had written "gentleman." He said
Little, but to the purpose; and his manner
Flung hovering graces o'er him like a banner.
—*Byron.*

August 31st. QUEEN WILHELMINA.

Is not a young mother one of the sweetest sights which life shows us?—*Thackeray.*

September 1st. LORD METHUEN.

Ah! what a delight it is to be a soldier!—*Boieldieu.*

September 2nd. GEORGE R. SIMS.

After meat, mustard (and cress).—*Proverb.*

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(Signed) ALBERT WATERFIELD.

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Mr. J. B. DENNISON LIGHT, M.E.,
73, Queen Victoria Street, LONDON, E.C.

LIEUT. SHACKLETON'S STORY.

"Nearest the South Pole."

SEE PAGE 260.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

By Walter Moore.

XIII.—MISS MAUD ALLAN.

Having provided myself with a pair of smoked spectacles, I knocked timidly at the stage door, and asked to see Miss Maud Allan.

"Miss Allan is now dressing," said the door-keeper.

"I'm glad of that," I returned, greatly relieved; "I was afraid she might be doing the other thing, and felt uneasy at the bare idea."

However, I sent up my card, and in a few moments was ushered into the dressing-room of the greatest exponent of terpsichorean tortuosities. Miss Allan, reclining gracefully upon a lounge, regarded me with soulful eyes as I entered and stood mute before her.

"You wish to see me?" murmured the dancer, in deep, thrilling tones.

"Not exactly," I replied. "I wish to interview you. As an admiring spectator at many of your performances I already have seen a good deal of you—ahem. Therefore, my purpose to-day is not so much to see as to hear you."

"I shall be pleased to answer any questions you care to put," said Miss Allan, graciously.

"Then tell me what you think of Manchester."

"Manchester," replied Miss Allan, after a moment's consideration, "is a city of Jews and a strange species known as 'Manchester men,' governed by a coterie of hypocrites who tolerate a certain plague-spot of immorality, hidden, but notorious, in their midst, while they try to save their faces by forbidding refined and classical performances, such as my own."

"But you must be aware that quite a large section of the general public regard your dancing with disapproval?"

"I have judged that from the great number of clergymen and parsons who have flocked to my performances. For I have noticed," pursued Miss Allan, a shrewd twinkle in her eye, "that the unco' guid usually gloat over that which they profess to abhor."

"You will not admit, I take it, that there is anything in the slightest degree immodest in any of your dances?"

"Emphatically, no," cried Miss Maud. "I cannot be held responsible for the vulgar interpretation a few coarse-minded individuals place upon my symbolical gyrations. To the pure all things are pure."

"But what about the religious susceptibilities your Salomé dance has offended?"

"If that really is the case, I maintain that they are offended without cause. I claim to have presented one of the most poignant incidents in the Scriptures in a manner more likely to work for good than harm. I dare affirm that my dancing has caused many persons for the first time to realise the awful tragedy of the Baptist's death, and induced numbers to turn again to the Sacred Book with minds prepared to appreciate more intelligently and sympathetically the wonderful human stories it contains."

"It seems, then," I ventured, "that you are falling into the far too common habit of caterers for the public amusement. You are trying to persuade yourself that you are something more than a mere music-hall artiste, and fancy that you have become an educational influence in the land. I am surprised that a lady of your intelligence should succumb to so erroneous a notion."

"I think your criticism is a little harsh," smiled Miss Allan; "I hope you do not class me, say, with the Suffragettes, who, labouring under the sadly mistaken impression that they are doing a great work, are merely adding to the gaiety—and disgust—of nations."

"No, I don't think your sense of proportion is quite so defective as that," I returned; "but I should like to give you a friendly warning not to exalt your art too highly in your own estimation. By that sin fell many a fine artiste."

"Thanks," responded Miss Allan; "I accept the caution in the spirit in which it is given. But you can have no conception of the overpowering fascination of my work—the delicious freedom of my movements, unobstructed by those tiresome garments in which society insists that we poor women at all times shall be swathed. When I am dancing in my gauze I envy the savage in her wilds."

Rising to depart, I put a final question.

"Is there any truth in the rumour that you intend giving a representation of Eve's temptation in the Garden of Eden?"

"When I can find someone to play the part of the serpent I may think seriously of it," was Miss Maud Allan's laughing reply.

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Seaside Flowers.

How strange it is that so many women fail to grasp the incontrovertible truth that the flower-trimmed hats which look so charming in a garden look positively common on a seaside parade. This season more than ever wing-trimmed hats are being shown by the milliners in every variety and colour, and yet the garden-party hat persists in popping up its head (if a hat can be said to have one) and making its wearer look suddenly tawdry. Any woman who is spending a holiday in the way most of us do now, *i.e.*, moving about from place to place, from sea to country, should try to remember that only the appropriate in dress is ever really beautiful. A simple rule is just to follow nature. If you are by the sea, where flowers rarely grow in any profusion, however forced, but where sea-birds whirl and fly, it stands to reason that wings or stiff wing-like bows look like an integral part of the scenery. On the other hand, in the wide green-nesses of gardens, flowers should bloom on hats as naturally as on their own beds and bushes. A curious illustration of this theory is the fact that a black dress never really looks well in a garden, while the commonest cotton in white or pale colours looks perfectly in place. The wise woman will fit into her surroundings.

Raucous Sirens.

What a huge future there might be for a beauty doctor who could successfully coach her *clientele* in the cultivation of the speaking voice, to the complete annihilation of all loudness or affectation. Just now "pretty speech" is almost a lost art, in spite of the reputation we still retain, as a country, for refined tones and manners. It is an all too common thing to see some slender, original-looking person who might have stepped straight out of a Cosway miniature, and to receive, upon addressing her, a ghastly shock in the gramophone tones of her reply. It is the custom now in girls' schools to cultivate a loudly-pitched, hard voice, dictatorial in tone, with a dragged-out enunciation of the concluding syllables of certain words that is positively hideous at times. The old jokes at the expense of "la-di-da" and "haw-haw" men should be turned in these days on to the women, and especially the younger ones.

How infinitely more persuasive, more winning, and more well-bred these girls might be if they would drop the habit and speak with clear and natural courtesy. It is so often a quite unconscious habit, born largely of the rougher outdoor and sporting existence of recent date; also, perhaps, of the rush and noise of a faster-moving age, to the clatter of motors and machinery. That we are losing our personal repose in the race for notoriety is all too certain. The beauty-doctor would do well to arrange speaking tableaux-vivants, or short dialogues in costume, illustrating how and how not to enter a room and greet a friend, to converse at a dinner, or to receive one's own guests. It would be very instructive, and the "how not" would be very funny indeed!

A Hostess's Ruse.

I heard a story the other day of a very well-known but very daring society woman who was in the habit of giving big parties, but who became distinctly bored by the unconscionable time her men-guests persisted in remaining haranguing over the "walnuts and the wine." So she had a sort of ear-trumpet arrangement fixed up between the dining and drawing-rooms on the principle of a speaking tube, and when the flock of ladies retired into the drawing-room, they consoled themselves by taking turns in listening at this instrument, as people look at cinematographs. It may be supposed that they acquired much wisdom. When, after long hours, the tardy men came upstairs, they found an unconscious and innocent-looking ring of women sitting round the drawing-room deep in quiet talk, or enjoying tender music dreamily played by one of their party. And then the hostess would lead the talk to one of the topics of the dining table, as by the merest chance, and watch the furtive glances of consternation she thus evoked! She certainly had her revenge.

Dainty Holiday Work.

Many girls employ some of the idle hours of the seaside holidays in making small articles suitable for presents for future birthdays or Christmas, instead of merely performing the usual mechanical seaside fancy work so familiar in hotel lounges, and even on the parade. To such a very pretty kind of work is provided by the new hand-embroidered rosettes designed to be worn in millinery, or to decorate the shoulder-straps of an "art" gown. These rosettes are made by the close and rather elaborate embroidering of a small "round" of satin, preferably in colours, copied from enamels or old tapestries, to be afterwards mounted on a piece of card, cut to the size required. A double or treble frill of ribbon, corresponding in shade to one of the colours used in the embroidery, or else of gold or silver, is then stitched round the worked centre, and the whole neatly "backed" and finished. A large safety-pin should be run into the back if the rosette is required for a hat ornament.

PAT-A-CAKE

The biscuit for all purposes—Pat-a-Cake. Some biscuits are good at tea time, some with fruit or ice, some you are told are best at breakfast: Pat-a-Cake is nice at all times. You've only got to buy some to prove it.

They're Peek Frean's

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

A Theatre Reform Bill.

What is the use of all these yards and yards of controversial evidence, which are being measured out in these discussions over the present state of the censorship of plays? Why not come to the bed-rock foundation and deal with solid facts in a plain, straightforward, John Bullish fashion, and own up, that notwithstanding the Lord Chamberlain's right to decide for or against plays submitted to him, and the control he has regarding the morality of the stage, certain productions of a distinctly gross and purposeless nature have been presented to the public on several occasions, whereas, on the other hand, dramas which might possibly have made for good have been withheld, which is proof positive that there is something wanting in the "inspecting officers' quarters," and that the mere bandying of words, or ventilation of the conflicting opinions of Tom, Dick, Harry and Jane, will not advance the matter one iota, but will only create chaos in the minds of those who at one time were absolutely confident and dispassionate in their views.

The falling off of the legitimate theatres' *clientele* began with the productions of the Ibsen dramas in this country.

The "sacred lamp" of acting as an art was extinguished by the clammy coldness of "dead-bone rot," which ultimately murdered the enthusiasm of playgoers and drove them into the music-halls for their evening's recreation and enjoyment.

The pit and gallery of a theatre are not going to waste time and money without something to amuse and stimulate them. They want excitement—they want either to have a good laugh or a good cry—not to be bored stiff by seeing a few clothes-props and automata on the stage.

Let some clever cosmopolitan layman come along who understands the real meaning of the verb "To act," and we shall soon see whether the theatre is in such a hopeless condition as Mr. Charles Hawtrey infers it is in his *Daily Telegraph* interview.

The grave of the present decayed drama was dug by the writers of the *drames a theses* but don't, for pity's sake, say that there cannot be a resurrection if only managers will realise that theatrical audiences require something to grip and inspire them, and are weary to death of the modern school that condemns anything like passionate acting—calling it, in fact, *over*-acting.

What was it drew the crowds of people to see the Sicilian peasants last year at the Shaftesbury—the plays? Certainly not! The boldness and melodramatic force of their sensational acting.

How many of Sarah Bernhardt's successes met with much approval in English? Only a few, and why? Because it was Sarah and her wonderfully realistic imaginative power and magnetism which held you spell-bound.

We have not many actors and actresses left on the stage to-day who can even get their lines across the footlights so as to make the faintest impression, therefore how can any manager expect to fill his theatre when spectators in the auditorium can't even hear what is being said upon the stage?

"Always remember the last man in the gallery," was Lady Bancroft's advice to me when I once consulted her about a poem I was to recite at the Garrick Theatre, and how true her words are.

That with all these numerous theatres springing up on every side like so many mushrooms there is sore need of a Theatre Reform Bill, and that the Lord Chamberlain and Mr. Redford are not capable of dealing with the vast amount of new plays that are continually pouring in at St. James' Palace, I am sure, but that the theatres are empty because the music-halls are permitted, through the generosity of certain theatrical managers, to play sketches, I am equally convinced, and until there is a reform also in the world of acting, and all this lachrymose drivelling nonsense is done away with, the theatres will remain in exactly the same unprofitable position.

BACK TO THE LAND.

MR. BOVANHOUR GOES BACK TO THE LAND.

OATINE FOR MEN

The Oatine Preparations include several of special interest to men—notably Oatine Shaving Stick, and Oatine Shaving Cream. When it is remembered how the process of Shaving lays bare the pores of the skin, it will be appreciated that the soothing, healing virtues of Oatine makes it very desirable for the double purpose of use in shaving (in the form of Oatine Shaving Stick or Cream) and after shaving (in the form of Oatine Face Cream). Even if the Soap or Cream alone be used, the use of the razor will not irritate or roughen the skin. A free and delightfully fragrant lather is yielded in abundance, which achieves the double purpose of assisting an easy shave and protecting the skin. We are confident that a single trial of the Oatine Shaving Soap will ensure its entire adoption.

To relieve the irritation caused by shaving there is nothing so effective as Oatine Cream, which possesses special healing properties; it should be applied immediately after shaving and should be gently rubbed into the skin, or, better still, rubbed into the beard over night or before the morning shave; this has the effect of softening the beard in a most astonishing manner, rendering shaving far easier and simpler than it is in the ordinary way.

FREE SAMPLES

A Free Sample of Oatine Cream and Oatine Shaving Soap, together with Samples of 6 of the other Oatine Preparations, packed in a dainty box, together with a copy of our booklet, will be sent to all sending 3d. to cover postage and packing.

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..A..

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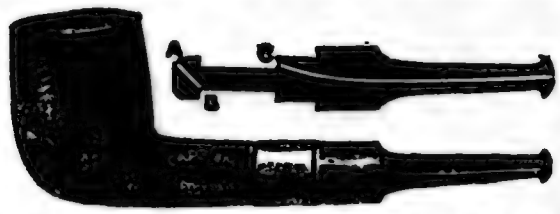

Have you not tried many patent pipes in your time and found them ALL unsatisfactory? TRY the MOST PERFECT pipe yet invented, and procure one, to your lasting benefit.

THE most fascinating pipe for Smokers. Cleaned in two seconds. No soiling the hands. The nicotine has to pass through stem from A to B, the smoke is drawn up through C, therefore ensuring a perfectly cool and pure smoke. Made in six shapes—bent and straight.

2/-, 3/6, 5/6 & 7/6 each through all high-class Tobacconists, or samples sent post free upon receipt of — remittance from the —

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"IN THE AIR."

NOTES ON AVIATION.

By W. Parker.

Racing at Rheims.

By the time these lines are in print, the great aviation week will be in full swing. All will depend upon the weather, which, it is to be hoped, will be propitious. The big and ambitious programme must be carried out as and when it can, not with cast-iron regularity of other sporting events. The opening of Port Aviation, the experiences of Delagrange at Rome and Farman in America, remind us of the extreme difficulty of making these spectacular flights "to order" at any given moment. Aviation still differs from everything else in this respect, and the patience and philosophy displayed by the "birdmen" themselves may have to be well exercised by the enormous public at Rheims during the week. The best that can be hoped for is that a start will be made under the significant and all-embracing formula, "Weather and other circumstances permitting."

An English Aviation Meeting.

Some attempt should be made before the summer is at an end to hold a representative aero meeting in England, if only as a matter of record. There are a number of aeroplanes in Great Britain at the present time, and many nearing completion. There should be little difficulty in getting the prizes, which need not approach in value those offered at Rheims. We ought not to be ashamed to begin in a small way. The gigantic gamble at Rheims need not disconcert us. Fortune might favour our first attempt in a manner totally unexpected.

A Month's Work.

July was a famous month for aviators. Beginning with the Doual meeting, where Blériot flew on the 3rd for over 47 kilometres, Port Aviation held a successful function on the 4th, and the Frankfort Exhibition opened on the 10th. M. Jean Gobron carried two passengers on his Voisin machine for over five minutes on the 3rd. All the new school greatly distinguished themselves by their astonishingly rapid mastery of their machines. Cockburn, Sommer, Paulham, with Farman and Voisin biplanes, Latham and Demanest with monoplanes, and Tissandier on a Wright machine, made notable flights. The Vichy meeting took place from the 18th to 25th, and the two Channel attempts of Latham were made on the 19th and 25th with Antoinettes Nos. IV. and VII. Blériot's activity throughout the month was phenomenal. After numerous flights in different parts of the country, he flew from Etampes to Orleans, 41 kilometres, on the 13th, alighting once *en route*, and followed up his other successes by flying, as all the world knows, across the Channel on the 25th, making about 31 miles in all during his journey from Calais to Dover. Farman made some fine flights at Chalons, notably one by night, of 1 hour 23 minutes on the 19th, and next day carrying his pupil, Mr. Cockburn, over 3 kilometres, the passenger in this case weighing some 200 lbs. Roger Sommer, another Farman pupil, made several brilliant flights, three in rapid succession of well over an hour each, and Gaudlert, the first regular pilot-instructor of the French National Aerial League, sprang into instant notoriety at Juvisy. In America, Orville Wright flew for 1 hour 20 minutes on the 20th, and the new Curtiss biplane made a flight of 45 kilometres on the 18th. These and numerous other fine performances crowned by the great flight across the Channel make July, it is scarcely necessary to say, a record month in aviation history.

Metric Measurements.

Would there be any great hardship inflicted on an infant industry by designing and building our aeroplanes to the French metrical scale, and popularizing kilos, metres, and centimetres, instead of pounds, feet, and inches, so far, at least, as aeroplanes are concerned? Like the "old Philadelphia lady," who has been fatuously enquiring since 1899 how to "figure" from Centigrade to Fahrenheit, most of us, in the absence of tables, must make mere guesses as to the exact dimensions of the foreign machines. One pound is ·4536 kilos and a metre equals 39·37 inches, but that is little help to the unmathematical Briton, who reads that Farman carried 206 kilos the other day, or that the wing-spread of Blériot's No. XI. is exactly 7 m. 80. He could fly the Channel before we had done this sum. $4·87 or so to the £1 sterling is an international bore, but that is an old story. This is a new science, and demands a new notation, and its own technical terms. There need be no dislocation of trade in this case.

British Activity.

No better news has come to hand lately than the certainty that Sir Hiram Maxim is again in the aeroplane field. This time his apparatus is a biplane, and though its dimensions have not yet leaked out, it is understood that motor and plane are to embody all that modern science can do towards perfecting an aerial machine. There will be much surprise if this British aeroplane does not bring the distinguished inventor's name instantly into the front rank of latter-day aviators. Encouragement is what is wanted in England, and a sympathetic attitude towards those who are working in our midst, rich and poor alike. In this game criticism is nothing; experiment everything. Almost anyone can fly—on paper. Real aviators are scarce.

LOCKYER'S

"REGAL OVAL" Cigarettes

A REALLY CHOICE VIRGINIA CIGARETTE.

Hand-made from the finest Virginia tobacco the world produces. They are as fascinating to people who are in your company whilst you are smoking them, as they are to yourself. From all high-class Tobacconists at 100 for 6/4; 50 for 3/2; 25 for 1/7.

Wherever You Go

in the country or at the seaside—if your suits get soiled by continued wear, or accidentally stained, you will find one of our Branches or Agencies not far off. It will take charge of the garments and send them to us without trouble to you, and we will clean and press them in a few days and return them to you looking as fresh as when new. The cost is only 3/9 per suit, and we pay carriage one way.

Let us know where you are going, and we will send you our booklet, "Clothes and the Man," with the address of our nearest Branch or Agency.

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is probably costing too much for upkeep. Write or call for this book, it will save you money. It is the largest, most comprehensive and up-to-date catalogue published. No motorist can afford to be without it. New Edition just published in consequence of its great success. It is gratis and post free.

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BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation:—

Is it "revolting" for a Liberal to disagree with the Government?

Shouldn't our new *Dreadnoughts* be "on the weigh" instead of only "on the way"?

Why not call them the dis-Crete-uns now?

Isn't Admiralty whitewash rather transparent?

Shouldn't it have been called the "Committee of *Admiralty* Defence"?

Will the City Steamship Company float?

When is Mr. Cody going to fly the Channel?

Hasn't "belted earls" a double meaning now?

Is the best stroke for Channel swimmers the "trudge-on" stroke?

Will Spain give the Morocco rebels their deserts?

Doesn't dynamite in a battleship's coal bunkers mean a blowing-up for someone?

Is the Chinese pig scare mainly gammon?

We read that the sulphur gooseberry is a great favourite. We presume it has a striking flavour.

We are told that Mr. Lloyd George's speech was very refreshing. A sort of Limehouse cordial.

"Death After an Inquest," reads a *Star* headline. This is reversing the usual order of things.

The vicar of St. John's, Kenilworth, who objects to a cross, should remember that "No Cross, no Crown."

"Gooseberries at 5s. a ton," we read. Champagne ought to be cheap.

The name, "Butter," recently appeared among the *Times'* birth announcements. Fresh butter.

The law has decided that a professional footballer is a "labourer." But his work is all play.

A hat made out of a *Daily Mail* was worn by a lady at Bournemouth. It had something in it for once.

The police, upon searching a miser's hovel, found the paper lined with banknotes. Pity that so much wealth should have gone to the wall.

We read that sunshine means a fortune to many. Others make money out of moonshine.

It is proposed to prohibit women wearing large hat-pins. They will then get the needle.

We are pleased to see that Yorkshire's new player, Drake, has, so far, kept clear of the ducks.

During a cricket match at Bishop's Stortford a large sum was stolen from the players' clothes. The thieves will, doubtless, be bowled out and caught.

Society looks at a man's future and a woman's past. About a man we enquire, "When is he going to do something?" About a woman, "What has she been up to?"

A good woman is a bare possibility; a bad woman is a naked fact.

A Vergilian watchword for Suffragettes:—*Votum furens quid femina possit.*

A man has been fined 5s. for begging for half-a-crown. Prosaic justice.

While Englishmen are grousing *on* the moors, the Spaniards are grousing *at* them.

If, as Marie Loftus tells us, not having to dress is "heavenly," Brother Stiggins must be making for the wrong goal.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

***NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?*

***CORRESPONDENTS,** when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of* ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag,"* AND ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc., which will be duly acknowledged.*

***AUTHORS** and* ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* when stamped, addressed envelopes are sent for the purpose. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL.

The Editor *can express no opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

John Bull League Song.—One or two composers ask for what kind of orchestra this song is to be scored. We leave it entirely to them.

T. J. G. (Londonderry) sends us a copy of a pamphlet in favour of a reduction of the Statute Limitation of Debt Recovery to one year. There is much to be said for the proposal.

"Dingle Bay" (St. John's Wood).—We cannot accept responsibility for the accuracy of our advertisers' representations. All we can do is to reserve the right to remove advertisements when duly authenticated complaints reach us.

F. O. B. (Cardiff) says Chung is an Irish-American, "certainly not of Eastern descent." Who cares?

E. A. (Tooting) wants someone to "slate Major Philip Trevor for his remarks *re* Rhodes and Fry in the *Daily Telegraph* for August 11." But why bother? One can't interpose in *all* these cricketers' quarrels. They are as endless as the Budget.

C. G. K. (Boscombe) takes up the cudgels on behalf of the drapers who impose fines "in self-protection," and he also thinks the prohibition against receiving addresses "absolutely necessary." We are glad we are not a draper's assistant.

T. H. C. (Aldershot) wishes to know whether there is any Statute regulating the closing of railway goods yards and warehouses. As far as we are aware, the answer is in the negative.

"Bud" (Merton).—We are not bookmakers. Why not play at your betting system with yourself?

"One of Selfridge's Buyers" writes traversing the suggestion of our recent little cartoon that there is a large foreign percentage in the firm's staff. He speaks in high praise of the internal arrangements of the establishment. On the other hand, a late waitress tells of how she was worked nearly to death at a paltry wage.

Reckless Motor Driving.—Mr. T. Millward, of Swansea, referring to our article on the action of the magistrates in the Wheeler case, considers that our strictures are out of place, and that instead of passing a lenient sentence on Mr. Wheeler, they "really dealt with him most leniently." Well, we are all entitled to our opinion.

W. H. Y. (Lichtenburg, Transvaal, and London, N.E.) recalls a scurrilous rhyme about the late Mr. Gladstone, similar to the epitaph suggested for Jim Crow. But the truly great are always indifferent to abuse.

Business Government Coupon.

TEN PROPOSED OFFICES: **SUGGESTED HOLDERS:**

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Minister of Labour. .....

Minister of Commerce. .....

Minister for Municipal Affairs. .....

Minister of Finance. .....

Name..... Address.....

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This Coupon to be sent to the Editor, "John Bull," 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Envelope marked: "Cabinet," in left-hand corner.

99 a 00.

Huge amounts were paid out in connection with the Canadian Trusts. Participants in our future Trust operations are invited to inspect list of payments.

TRUST IN STEELS COMMON

The greatest business boom ever recorded has set in in the United States; the boom is growing with an unsurpassed rapidity; indications of tremendous crops in the West.

You cannot be pushed out of the market in six months even if a panic should occur.

(For 3 Months, £2 for every $1,000)

Your whole liability is limited to £2 (remitted) for every $1,000.

The profit in three months is estimated at £60 for every £2 remitted, which should mean that one will have returned £60 plus £2, equal to £62.

Whether or not you have ever dealt in American Railroads, we invite you to send us at once the application form attached below and learn from your own experience whether our advices and methods are valuable for the general public.

Nothing else is expected of you than to recommend us to the circle of your acquaintances after the success has been completely proven, that means not before you have received from us £60 on your £2 remitted.

THE SUBSCRIPTION WILL BE CLOSED WEDNESDAY, THE 1st OF SEPTEMBER.

Amount Required £2
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Telegraphic Address: ESPONJAS, LONDON.

OUR CAMPAIGN FOR 1909.

INTERVIEW WITH A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN MAGNATE.

We dare say we are experts in Yankees (American Railways) and that we know everything about them that can be known. We dare say that we understand the entire Wall Street System better than any one of our competitors, and very often have an occasion to feel that in 3 months we could bring you further than you can get yourself in 3 years.

Nowadays almost everybody has a friend who is a dealer or broker in Stocks and Shares, so we cannot expect that you should give us the preference, unless we actually prove to you that we are often sooner and better informed than other firms. In the end the public will transact their business where the best profits are to be gained and the best conditions to be obtained.

We shall prove to you that our advices are valuable.

A Trust in Steels Common: It is our intention to possess in 1909 the largest amount of clients that ever a stock broker or dealer could boast of, and we will realise this fact through our Trust in Steels Common. We will force you to a certain degree, at least once, to give us an order and to form your own opinion about our method of dealing and the capacities of our correspondent.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

"Don't be a Bear on America," J. Pierpont Morgan said. "That man who is, goes broke."

Whether or not you have ever dealt in American Railroads, we proclaim this fact: Send us at once the application form attached below and learn from your own experience whether our advices and methods are valuable.

OUR PROPOSITION.

A Trust in Steels Common (For every Thousand Dollars you must send £2—and the estimated profit is £60—in 3 months.)

Condition 1st. All Steels Common shares are opened at the London closing price of Wednesday, the 1st of Sept., which quotations are controlled by almost every English paper (Globe, Daily Telegraph, Financial News, Financial Times, &c., &c.). Suppose the closing price in London should be 84—81½ then is the buying price 84½ nett, which means naturally without you paying any further commission or other expenses. If you sell or buy according to tape prices and yet have to pay commission you are paying too much.

A Daily Newspaper, from which you are able to ascertain these prices exactly, is sent you free of charge with every order.

2nd. All transactions will be closed the same date at London closing price, i.e., three months after the Trust opens, i.e., Wednesday, 1st December, 1909, and all profits, without any limit, will be returned with the two pounds of your remittance.

3rd. If on Wednesday, 1st December, 1909, there would have been no profit made, the transaction will be kept open for the next 3 months, i.e., Tuesday, 1st March, 1910, without any further margin. We hope it is now quite clear to you that the worst that can happen, is that the closing quotation in London on 1st March, 1910, is 1 per cent. or more under the quotation of 1st Sept., 1909, and then, and only then, would your loss be £2, and under no circumstances more than the two pounds remitted.

4th. Every buyer receives a stamped contract informing the purchaser that if necessary we keep the account open for 6 months, and that the entire responsibility of the buyer is limited to the £2 remitted.

OUR CORRESPONDENT PREDICTS:

A boom in Yankees in 1909, and quotations for the different shares never surpassed. Please keep in mind that the same correspondent, after an interview with one of the best-known American financiers, has sent to our clients telegrams on several occasions from which the following is an example: "Advise immediate purchase Chesapeake Common. Do not delay, but follow our advice at once and you will continue to deal with us. Margin returned with profit; inside information in hand." Chesapeake were at that time 58½ and are now 84½, so those who have followed our advice will not have forgotten this.

We are convinced that through our Trust in Steels Common we will enlist and retain you as one of our clients.

On Wednesday, 1st Sept., the Subscription will be closed. If you wish to become a participant in the Trust please send by return post the attached application form, with your name and address and the amount of Two Pounds to:—

GERSON HAMSON & CO., Limited, Norfolk House, Laurence Pountney Hill, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

Steel shares are conspicuously strong, and it must be remembered that J. P. Morgan never admitted failure in anything. Its very rapidly growing earnings and the possession of almost unlimited supplies of raw material (almost all paid for) are factors for a considerable advance in the stock. Many authorities in positions to know what they are talking about, say that the dividends will certainly be increased considerably in October again, and Steels Common under 125 are worth buying.

CHAT ON 'CHANGE.

This book, compiled by a leading financial expert, will be sent gratis and post free to every one subscribing in our Trust in Steels Commons.

It is a complete handbook and guide for the use of those who wish to study the various methods of Stock Exchange operations.

A careful perusal of these pages will enable the reader to thoroughly grasp the different methods in which to open an account.

Being written in plain and easy language, it can be readily understood by everybody.

USE THIS FORM. J.B.

I buy thousand dollars United States Steels Common Shares on the London closing price of Wednesday, the 1st of Sept., and further on the conditions as mentioned in your advertisement, for which I enclose £2, with the understanding that my entire risk is limited to this amount.

Name .....

Address .....

If you will invest a larger amount, please make the form out accordingly. For instance: If you wish to make out the form for $5,000 you must remit £10. You can also REMIT BY POSTAL ORDER OR CHEQUE.

More of these forms can be obtained by application to our offices or by writing.

F. S. (Southampton) sends us a poem beginning

She left a ton of anthracite
In front of a poor widow's door,
When the deep snow, frozen and white,
Wrapped street and square, valley and hill.

But the poor widow must have been a bit perplexed, is it not?

L. L. S. (Rotherhithe) asks, "At what age may I consider myself a man?" He should ask his best girl.

H. R. T. (Liverpool) sends us his correspondence with Robert Radford (*The Matrimonial Times*, 5, Featherstone Buildings, High Holborn, W.C.) to whom he paid £10 10s. It is true, as Radford points out, that only introductions were promised, but the introductions given seem to have been quite unsatisfactory. Perhaps other readers will forward their experiences of Radford, in confidence.

H. D. (Kano, N. Nigeria) complains that when a parcel is sent him from England, he only receives it after six or seven months, and then has to pay the postage over again, as well as duty. Otherwise the goods are seized and sold. Surely the Post Office ought to notify senders about this vexatious regulation.

M. S. Ll. (Aberdare) says many children are "born drunk," because their mothers lived on drink. She exclaims: Do pray help our mothers to sobriety." We gladly would if we knew how, but we are convinced that temperance is not to be induced by faddist legislation.

E. G. (Portsmouth).—We agree that total abstainers and non-smokers are unduly favoured in the matter of taxation.

R. B. (Tilbury Docks) writes: "Surely it was an oversight on the part of the Government when doling out decorations to the brave Russian officers to omit granting one to the brave gunner who fired on a British cargo steamer."

V. H. (Sutton Coldfield).—We are not responsible for the blunders of our correspondents. Do you mean that the praise in question was not consistent with wisdom?

W. V. J. (Belfast) thinks the case to which we directed attention in our recent "Open Letter" to the Stipendiary of Tower Bridge Police Court, a disgrace to the country, and offers to subscribe his share of the 70s. which was stolen by the little nurse girl, in respect of which she was sent for five years' detention in a reformatory—notwithstanding her piteous appeals to be taken back home. We are doing what we can with the Home Secretary in the matter.

W. G. (Hammersmith) tells us that at the Brompton Road, Hyde Park Corner, and Knightsbridge Tube Stations there is something like a "reign of bullyism and terror" owing to the action "of a gold-braided official who is constantly bullying and swearing at the staff." Can any of our readers confirm?

H. J. (Wilde Green) wishes to know Jim Crow's views on the Territorials—but we are afraid to ask him.

Old Subscriber (London) wishes us to take up the subject of the large number of foreign managers and otliers employed in hotels and restaurants, but we rather like French cooking, and we do not like the idea of seeing an Englishman waiting on a fellowman.

A. E. W. (Plymouth) is a vice-president of the local Licensed Victuallers' Association and also of the local Liberal Club—a somewhat unusual combination—and he likes our article on the Government.

J. B. (London).—The suggestion of all elections taking place on one day is a very old one, and will doubtless form part of the next Reform Bill introduced.

J. B. T. (Stoke Newington) tells us that he recently served on a jury at the Sheriff's Court, and after sitting for six hours was offered 4d. towards his expenses and loss of time. He therefore thinks that jurymen require protection quite as much as shop assistants.

F. W. (Burnley) thinks that the expenditure on the entertainment of the Prime Minister of Nepal a good investment, because it tends to secure "the goodwill of this obscure mountain State and the services of a host of her bravest troops—the Ghurkas." He also confirms our suspicions as to Canada's attitude towards England, and gives very interesting information respecting the working of the Prohibition movement in the States, where, as he rightly explains, the conditions are totally different from those prevailing here.

"Sonzure" (Wisbech) confirms our para. about the West of England Sanatorium, and adds that the patients have to make their own beds, and he sends us a view of the dining room, showing the back-to-back arrangement of the seats, to which we refer.

"Quota" (Finsbury).—No, the Salvation Army has no special privilege with regard to the sale of the *War Cry* on Sundays, but under Mr. Gladstone's Shop Bill newsagents will be exempt from interference.

A. J. (Edinburgh), as a prospective member of the John Bull League, wrote to the authorities about a notice appearing in a public office which he considered objectionable to Catholics, and asking in the name of the League that the bill should be removed, and tells us that the request was duly complied with. If the League can do this sort of thing ere it is fairly started, what possibilities must be before it.

J. S. L. (Portsmouth) complains of his treatment at the hands of the General Labourers' Amalgamated Union, and from his statement of facts there would appear to be some ground for his complaint, but we must, of course, hear the other side before expressing a definite opinion.

J. G. (Liverpool) complains of Larry Lynx's recent tips, but says nothing of the extraordinary sequence of good winners with which he began the season.

A. G. M. (Plymouth), *apropos* our "Open Letter" to Colmer, of Bath, tells us that he is a Colonial, but had always been told that England is the home of all that is "sweet, pure, good and beautiful." Now he knows better.

J. W. N. (Acock's Green).—A receipt is not necessarily a fraud. What did the United Trades Directory promise?

E. T. (Great Northern Railway).—Who is Mr. J. N. Crawford? He sounds terribly like a cricketer.

H. D. (Northwood) writes: "What a lot of sore-headed people Jim Crow's caps seem to fit." Fools' caps?

J. B. (Pollokshaws).—We are not good judges of Scots poetry. Chinese is good enough for us.

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THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

DIXON INSTITUTE (193, Oxford Street).—With reference to our reply to "Delta" last week, a large number of correspondents write testifying to the *bona-fide* and advantages of this Institute.

S. E. M. (Reading), noticing that so comparatively few of our readers claim their guinea under our number scheme, asks whether the circulation of JOHN BULL is very limited, or whether the genuineness of the business is open to question." As he gives us only these two alternatives, and we cannot tell an untruth and say that our circulation is limited, the explanation must, we suppose, be that the scheme is not genuine.

"KING OF THE CROWD" received an offer to attend an auction, with free lunch and a free ticket thrown in. At the station no free ticket was forthcoming. Obviously he can't sue. There was no consideration. But he will now vote for the Budget. Was Tariff for a publisher? And how did it end?

J. A. L. (Clapton).—The Cortes is not elected honestly, and, of course, Don Alfonso ought to abdicate in favour of Don Jaime I. The youth of Alfonso is an explanation rather than an excuse. Why is it snobbery to admire one Queen Victoria more than another? What relation are you to C. J.?

CAPT. J. H. K. (Norfolk).—We quite agree that "the Tories can't expect to win." But it is the unexpected which so often happens.

C. H. will be glad if H. T. G. (London) will correspond in reference to the "Wilkinson Scott" and "Bell at Sea" incident, which he speaks of in JOHN BULL of the 17th inst. Address, 12, High Street, Hythe.

J. R. R. (Birmingham).—Have nothing to do with W. T. Stead. We do not like either his manners or his morals.

W. A. (Perry Vale), *apropos* our Editor's articles on "The Suicide of the Government," says: "Why don't you cross over to the other side—they want men of your calibre." But there is plenty of work to be done on the Liberal side.

B. D. (Fortis Green).—The Bill our Editor introduced dealing with bookmakers was one providing for their registration and greater supervision, and had nothing to do with the Street Betting Bill.

R. R. (Northampton) is one of 10,000 people who are forever claiming a biscuit for the common phrase, "a live young man." They must really look alive.

"OLDEST READER" (Liverpool) considers motorists, who compel ladies to take refuge in hedges, are road-hogs. But some cyclists are also hedge-pigs.

CAPTAIN J. M. H. (Southend-on-Sea).—It is not unusual for struggling papers to pay contributors only when a special arrangement has been made. Others have "usual rates," which are painfully low. If you sent your contributions uninvited, we do not see that you have been defrauded.

E. H. (Piccadilly Hotel).—We consider English, French and Spanish the "most important languages of the world," from the point of view of general usefulness. But they might not help you at Miass, Ilabinsk or Kollkandelo.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

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LIEUT. SHACKLETON'S STORY.

"Nearest the South Pole."

SEE PAGE 269.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

(*"Larry Lynx" of* The People, *and "Magpie" of* The Globe.)

Feeling his loss.

Wootton the trainer was not at Hurst Park, although he allowed his boys to resume their profession, but it is not unnatural that the popular Colonial is for the moment very despondent, and was naturally reluctant to be reminded of his terrible grief by kindly expressions of sympathy from his friends.

One of the old "school."

I am sorry to record the death of Swatton, the Alresford trainer, whose name has been known for so many years as successful in the charge of some of the best steeplechasers of the day. The confidant of Mr. Arthur Yates has, in fact, contributed quite a chapter to the history of steeplechasing of the last generation. As he invariably remained at home in charge of his horses, Swatton was little known among racing people.

An Example to us.

Colonial training reports read better than our own, being particularly interesting and complete. For instance, every gallop is tried and recorded, so that readers know, even if a horse only runs three furlongs, what he did it in, or how another animal galloped the last five furlongs of a mile course. The time of every trial is given, as also the proportionate times *en route*, while in a varying gallop how long the leader took to run the first four furlongs, and then the winner to finish the last portion of the distance, is also accurately given.

A Tip.

A plan of executing s.p. jobs, although not generally known, is to put the money on *each way*, which invariably means that the bookmaker has to "keep" it. If the wager is made to win only, and there is a lot of it, or it is what is termed "good" money he invariably sends some of it back to the course. When each way, however, this is never done, for there is practically no win and place wagering in Tattersall's. Thus the only thing he can do (which is not usually done) is to transfer a portion of it to another s.p. man, and therefore the money never gets back, and on the course they back two or three others in front of this "good thing."

A Bad Fault.

It is noticeable that almost every race card nowadays contains the statement that "the weights are added for the convenience of the public, but are not guaranteed as correct." This, of course, may be a technical or legal safeguard for an executive whom no one would want to mulct in damages for an error or slip. Yet there is no reason why the weights calculated should not be correct, and, further, should be so calculated by officials expressly and purposely appointed by the authorities or the race executive themselves. Just as we pay for a seat at a theatre, we are told where to sit and what time the play begins, etc., so that when an owner enters a horse and renders himself liable to very heavy fees, surely he is entitled to be told what weight a horse has to carry.

Prophetic.

York is practically over, and what has happened on the first few days may absolutely govern the later running, so that I shall deal only with Gatwick, naming

Bellatrix,

on this striding course, as very likely indeed to win Friday's August Handicap, while Moet (also entered at York) should atone for Hurst Park in one of his engagements, probably the better valued Sutton Handicap on Saturday. Although, on the face of it, somewhat severely handicapped in comparison with other 3 year olds, the severe mile and a half will so much favour Green Ribbon that I think this little mare will win her owner his first race in the Rostrum Handicap on Saturday. Anyhow, I fancy her each way.

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The following are "results" from Saturday, Aug. 2, to Saturday, Aug. 20.

	Aug. 2,	QUICKBEAM, 6-1 won.	CARBINEER, 5-2 won.
	Aug. 3,	MOCASSIN, 7-1 won.	SUNSPOT, 5-1 won.
A	Aug. 4,	OSIRIS, 10-1 won.	WELBURY, 2nd.
BIG	Aug. 5,	A POOR DAY.	
RUN	Aug. 6,	GRIMMET, 4-1 won.	GAELIC MONK, 4-1 won.
OF	Aug. 7,	QUEENMOTHER, 6-4 won.	LUCY II., 4-1 won.
BIG	Aug. 9,	STAMINA, 10-1 2nd	HANDSPUN, 6-1 won.
WINS.	Aug. 10,	SCOTCH PLAIT, 8-1, won.	POKLEWSKI, 8-1 won.
and	Aug. 11,	HACKLER'S GLOW, 10-1 won.	AVENGER, 3-1 won.
STILL	Aug. 13,	OUT-OF-SIGHT, 4-1, 2nd.	BAGOTSTOWN, 4-1, 2nd.
GOING	Aug. 14,	BROTHER BILL, 5-1 won.	SHAMPOO, 3-1 won.
GREAT	Aug. 16,	MELOTOI, 4-1 won.	FLORIDOR, 9-4 won.
GUNS.	Aug. 17,	FOXHUNT, 5-2, 2nd.	JOVIAL, 3-1 won.
A	Aug. 18,	STOLEN KISS, 8-1 won.	INFLAMMATION, 10-1 won.
TIP	Aug. 19,	VIVELLA, 11-2 won.	MAUVE PATCH, 5-1 won.
TOP	Aug. 20,	LADY FREDERICK, 7-1 Third.	JAQUE, 9-4 Third.
IDEA.			

"ONE OF MANY PATRONS" writes: "I only commenced on Saturday, July 17th, and with a few half-crowns won on that day over £32 clear profit. It is good."

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The following claims have been received for the issues of July 3rd and 10th:—

W. H. CHAPMAN, 73, Willoughby Street, Firth Park, Sheffield. (No. 59711—July 3rd, 1909.)

T. C. MCGHIL, 56, Fazakerley Road, Fazakerley, Liverpool. (No. 83426—July 10th, 1909.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of July 24th:—

706; 6349; 6461; 7175; 11427; 13545; 15177; 17548; 34883; 38006; 40513; 43737; 51833; 52508; 57467; 65777; 67007; 67294; 69334 74121; 78283; 84231; 84877; 85647; 102758; 117792; 121515; 130023; 131693; 144439; 148467; 174753; 189634; 190940; 192307; 224820; 227337; 230954; 236816; 237433; 238421; 249128; 249667; 250394; 260270; 264956; 272529; 273521; 277286; 279648.

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED OCTOBER 2nd (PUBLISHED SEPTEMBER 30th).

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